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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXVII.—No. 703.

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MME. LALLIE CHARLES,

THE VISCOUNTESS MAIDSTONE.

39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE PLUMAGE, FUR . . . AND WHALE-OIL TRADES.

THE appointment of a Committee to enquire into the trade in bird plumage indicates that public opinion is becoming seriously exercised in regard to the extent to which the fauna of the world is being depleted for the sake of feminine ornament. The terms of the appointment of the Committee indicate that concerted action on the part of the Governments of all the countries included in the British Empire is to be invoked. This, however, is not enough, for if the trade, in place of being merely controlled, is not to be driven out of the hands of our own countrymen into those of the foreigner, it is essential that all countries should be represented in any proposed scheme of restrictive legislation. This was the fault of the original draft of the Plumage Bill, which, in our opinion, would merely tend to cripple British trade and enrich the foreigner, without much advantage to the birds themselves, except perhaps in those British Colonies where protection could be strictly and effectually enforced. That, apart from the cruelty question, some meed of protection is desirable for plumage birds is practically beyond question, since at the present rate of destruction there is good reason to fear that in some cases, at any rate, there is a very real danger that we may destroy the geese which lay the golden eggs. The matter is indeed one that requires great tact and very delicate handling; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the Committee will enter on their deliberations in a broad frame of mind and will disregard the extreme views favoured by the faddists and sentimentalists. The question is very largely a business one, and should accordingly be viewed to a very large extent—apart from the cruelty charges—from a business standpoint. Many of the foregoing remarks will apply to the fur trade, which, owing to the demand for fur by all classes of people at the present day, is killing off the animals at what appears to be an appalling rate. We take as an example a sale-list issued by Messrs. C. M. Lampson and Co. for auctions held from June 20th to 23rd. Here we find such enormous

items as 310,214 Australian opossum skins (including ring-tails), 11,500 grey foxes, 75,000 raccoons, 72,000 American opossums, 25,000 ermine, the same number of Siberian marten or kolinsky, 146,700 skunk and 23,460 mink. Whether the stock of these animals (not to mention many others) will stand such enormous depletion—and it has to be borne in mind that the items relate only to a single sale in a single city—we have no means of information. The necessary statistics ought, however, to be forthcoming; and if it be found that the living capital is not being unduly trenced upon, well and good. If, on the other hand, the stock is diminishing to any marked degree, then protective legislation of a judicious kind is essential. The very fact that skins are still obtainable in such large numbers, coupled with the circumstance that in 1892, when Mr. Poland's well-known book on "Fur-bearing Animals" was published, the number of skins of the species mentioned was enormous, is of itself an argument that the stock is well maintained. On the other hand there is the fact that the price of most, if not all, furs has increased during the last few years by leaps and bounds. This, however, may be due to the increased demand just as well as to a diminution in the source of supply. That some species are in imminent danger of extermination seems to be indicated by the case of the chinchilla, of which only 157 skins are entered in the catalogue of the aforesaid sale. Anyway, we ought to know how matters stand with regard to the stock of animals in the great fur-producing countries of the Empire.

One item in Messrs. Lampson's catalogue, namely, 11,000 Australian red fox skins, is of considerable interest, since these indicate the destruction of a mischievous introduced species which has inflicted untold harm on the native fauna. This item, therefore, indicates in some degree, at any rate, what is equivalent to protection for the smaller native animals. Possibly the same remark will apply, to some extent at any rate, to the item of 14,000 skins of house-cats, which also figures in the catalogue. Here it may be remarked that the modern practice of collecting large series of skins of mammals and birds for museum purposes has been supposed to be a factor tending to a real diminution in the numbers of the world's fauna. It is manifest, however, from a perusal of Messrs. Lampson's catalogue that, whatever may be the truth of this charge in regard to the rarer species, it has no bearing on that of the commoner ones. For the demands of all the museums in the world would be a mere flea-bite in comparison with the ravages caused by the fur and plumage trades.

Whether or no legislative action is called for in connection with the fur trade, it is quite certain that it is imperative in the case of the whaling industry, which has of late years assumed a totally new phase, and is killing off fin-whales and humpbacks at a rate which must tell very heavily on the numbers of these species, and may lead, unless put under proper control, to the annihilation of some of them. In this case there can be no fear of injury to British trade, for, owing to an inexplicable want of enterprise on the part of our own countrymen, the whole of the fishery for finners and humpbacks is in the hands of the Norwegians, and this, too, not only abroad, but actually on our own coasts. The Norwegians have, for instance, a whaling station on the coast of Mayo, and others in the Shetlands and, we believe, the Orkneys, where enormous numbers of finners with a certain proportion of humpbacks and black right whales are slaughtered every season. Enormous profits are said to be made in this industry, the whalebone of a single black right whale being worth from £300 to £400. It is, however, not only in our home waters that Norwegian whalers are making such big catches, as they are reported to be effecting still heavier destruction in certain parts of the Antarctic, under, it is stated, a licence from the British Government. We are not at liberty to write freely on this part of the subject, and can only state that we have been shown photographs which indicate an absolutely appalling destruction of big cetaceans in Antarctic waters. That inspection of all whaling stations where the British flag flies or where British influence is predominant is imperative, and that at an early date, we are fully convinced.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece is a portrait of the Viscountess Maidstone, whose marriage took place on June 8th. The Viscountess Maidstone is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel of 22, Grosvenor Square, and the United States.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



ON Monday afternoon the House of Commons, on going into Committee of Supply, discussed the question of the importation of live animals from the Argentine. It was urged from opposite sides of the House that the restrictions should be taken away. This view was set forth with great plausibility by Mr. F. E. Smith and more vigorously by one or two of the Labour members. The argument was that because the price of meat has risen so considerably, and because the prospect of its going down is remote, every possible source of supply should be tapped. We cannot help thinking, however, that Sir Edward Strachey took the right and proper course in withstanding the proposal. He is supported in this attitude by ex-Ministers of Agriculture so well entitled to confidence as Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Henry Chaplin. As he pointed out, in 1900, when it was alleged that the Argentine had a clean sheet in regard to foot-and-mouth disease, the Department was blamed for not getting rid of the regulation; but subsequent events showed that the disease was very far from being stamped out, for it broke out in various districts during the course of the year. It would be a very great misfortune to farmers of all descriptions if this virulent epidemic were to make its reappearance in England. Large farmers would find that for six months at least an embargo would be put on their export trade, and the small holder would be in grave danger of losing his cows, and, therefore, an important part of his livelihood. Thus a temporary reduction in the price of meat would be very dearly purchased.

It is welcome news that the President of the Board of Agriculture has appointed a Committee to advise the Board upon all scientific questions bearing directly upon the cultivation of the soil, especially for promoting agricultural research in universities and other scientific schools, for aiding scientific workers engaged in the study of agricultural problems, and for ensuring that new scientific discoveries are utilised for the benefit of agriculturists. The importance of this intelligence will be recognised by all who keep themselves *au fait* with what is going on in the world of agricultural research. During the last few years there has been an extraordinary development at universities and experimental stations, and we cannot afford to do anything less than offer every facility to those who are working at the various problems and in helping the practical farmer to make use of what is found out. The Committee appointed for the purpose is a very strong one indeed, including as it does the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Reay, Sir Edward Thorpe, Dr. Dobbie (Principal of the Government Laboratories), Professor Farmer, Dr. Stewart MacDougall, Mr. Spencer Pickering and many others who have done yeoman service to the cause of agricultural science. In this connection it should be noted that a movement is on foot at Rothamsted to secure two hundred acres of land adjoining the present experimental fields and to erect the buildings required for feeding experiments in connection with the crops under investigation. The original endowment only provided for fifty-five acres, but the addition of this increased area would greatly enlarge the scope of the work, and it is to be hoped that no difficulty will be found in obtaining the purchase-money, five thousand pounds.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners issue some Rules and Instructions respecting Parsonage Houses on which the light of publicity is surely needed. It is manifestly proper that, where the Commissioners are contributing towards the cost of a parsonage, they shall be satisfied that the accommodation will be adequate and convenient and the construction sound. It is equally obvious that the cost to the incumbent, who is only too often a poor man, shall be as low as possible. It is the means to secure these important ends which call for strong criticism. The Commissioners have prepared full working

plans, specifications and bills of quantities of two typical houses to cost one thousand five hundred pounds and one thousand eight hundred pounds respectively, and are graciously pleased to supply them to the hapless incumbent for the sum of one guinea. They stipulate that an architect shall be employed to superintend the erection of the building from these plans, by which precious arrangement half the usual fee of five per cent. will be saved, *i.e.*, there will be an economy of thirty-seven pounds ten shillings on a house costing one thousand five hundred pounds!

Surely no more grotesque and unreal economy was ever devised, or one that must bring down the standard of parsonage architecture to a more melancholy level. How is the unhappy superintending architect going to juggle with these machine-made plans to suit varying sites and aspects? and what manner of man will he be who will stultify his profession and his art in this fashion? The subject is an important one to the Church, that wants its clergy well housed, and to the public interested in domestic architecture. This attempt to impose a cast-iron uniformity on the domestic architecture of the Church fills us with grave misgivings. It is conceived in the same spirit as informs the bye-laws governing cottage architecture, which have bred nothing but costliness and ugliness, and if successful will dot England with parsonages as unlovely as the building bye-law cottages.

SALVAGE.

With infinite patience, faith I could not mar,
And all but unimaginable skill,
You have refashioned, as by miracle,
My ship of Love, retrieving from afar
Flotsam of mast and rigging, rope and spar,
That rise before my wondering eyes, until
You half persuade me of the impossible,
The new ship being so old-familiar . . .
Alas, I dream! See you how high she rides?
Mark you her blank incertitude of aim?
A second shipwreck waits so rash a start,
For still the past the future hour decides,
And how shall even you, my friend, reclaim
A perished cargo—an obliterate chart?

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

At the time of writing, the country has attained the exquisite perfection of mid-June. On the hedgerows the wild rose is flaunting its blossoms, not perhaps in such profusion as we have seen in more favourable years, but still in sufficient quantity to impart a beautiful colour to the deep green of the landscape. It seems also to have been a remarkably favourable year for the production of charlock, whose yellow masses among the wheat please the aesthetic eye, but are a loathsome sight to the good husbandman. In the air there is already the fragrance of new-mown hay, which in most districts is an excellent crop, as the combination of sunshine and rain has been most favourable to it. Those who have a great deal of meadow-land and many acres of seeds wish that the hot weather of early June could be prolonged into July, so that they might have an opportunity of getting in this bumper crop in its best order. On the other hand, those who depend largely on roots say that the exceptional drought is producing an ill-effect on them, and they would welcome a supply of rainy weather.

One of the distinguishing features of the beautiful exhibition of flowers that was held by the Royal Horticultural Society in the Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, on Tuesday was the iris. Among the many exotic and hardy flowers that were to be seen—peony, delphinium, sweet pea and general exhibits—the iris was perhaps the most interesting. No family of garden flowers give greater variety in colouring and form, and it is adapted to many situations, by water-side, on the fringe of woodland and in the border. The exquisite Japan iris (*Iris Kaempferi*) in its wonderful diversity of colours is the kind for the water edge, and a novelty which is to be seen will give increased interest to this group; it is called *albopurpureum*, a flower of broad proportion and delightful colour, a study in lavender and blue and white. We were reminded of the progress of the rose by a new hybrid tea called *Freda*, which has the attributes of fragrance, form and soft rose shaded colour.

One of the most beautiful seasons of the year to garden-lovers has begun—the time of roses—and whether they are to hang over the pergola, or decorate or climb round the window, they promise remarkably well. Heavy rains, warm nights and moisture in the atmosphere have resulted in a vigorous growth, especially on those kinds destined to give exhibition flowers. At the end of the month the great rose exhibition

season opens, and one of the first of the many displays in competition will take place, by permission of His Majesty the King, in the gardens immediately beneath the walls of Windsor Castle. Given a fine day, this is one of the most delightful rose meetings of the year. Early in July the great exhibition of the National Rose Society will be held in the Botanic Gardens at Regent's Park. Those who do not, so to say, live in the world of flowers have no idea of the intense enthusiasm manifested in the rose shows and of the remarkable all-round perfection which is reached in the individual bloom. We are charmed with these beneficial competitions, but those who do not care to indulge in this pastime may have their roses in more natural ways: there is a wide selection to choose from.

Not before time the Oberland Tourist Association has issued an appeal to the Swiss papers begging all Nature-lovers and the teachers and guardians of children to do something to prevent the reckless waste of wild flowers that goes on annually during the season when excursions of children and societies are made to the mountains. On these occasions anyone may see from the quantity of withered flowers left lying about that there is a great deal of wanton destruction. Flowers are plucked for the mere amusement of plucking them and then thrown away. Round country railway stations and the lake landing-stages it is common to see large quantities of the faded blossoms. According to scientific observers the result of this is that the Alps are in danger of losing certain flowers which have always been associated with them and are characteristic of the scenery. Some of them are edelweiss, Alpine rhododendrons, or alpenrosen, and a few other popular favourites. The Swiss people themselves are not without blame in the matter, as a great many of them try to earn a little by selling bouquets of edelweiss, gentians and alpenrosen.

Although the Act prohibiting the use of pole-traps has been in existence for six years, and every effort has been made by the Press associated with sport and by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds to make it known, cases continue to be brought into court and keepers continue to plead ignorance of the law. The latest instance is reported from Welwyn in Hertfordshire. Stephen Parker and Frank Jenks, under-keeper and keeper to Mr. A. W. Merry, were charged at Welwyn Petty Sessions on June 10th, the one with setting and the other with permitting two of these traps. Inspectors of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals described the finding of a gin on a pole and another on a cairn of earth. Close at hand were four recently killed owls, with other birds, hanging on a gibbet. Jenks said he did not know of the existence of the traps; the officers were the first to tell him of them. Parker said one pole-trap was there when he came and he made the other; two of the owls were shot and two trapped. Both men pleaded ignorance of the Act. The Bench dismissed the case against Jenks, but remitted the costs, and fined Parker two shillings and sixpence and costs in each case. (The full penalty is forty shillings for a first and five pounds for a subsequent offence; while the killing of owls in the close time has been illegal for thirty years.)

It is always a difficult task to preserve a herd of deer in a public ground, especially when that ground attains the dimensions of Epping Forest. No amount of zeal on the part of the keepers can detect every mischievous attempt made to worry and disturb the herds, especially at the present time of year, when fawns are running at the heels of the does. It has to be borne in mind that the companionship of the dog is an important item in the enjoyment of many who take their exercise in the forest, and it would be felt as a hardship if the public were altogether prohibited from taking the friend of man with them. Probably it was not the dog that accompanied its master which did the mischief during the last twelve months, when no fewer than ten deer have been worried to death; but round about the forest houses are continually being built, and in many of them the dog is a member of the family. It is when this animal is "let out for a run" that the mischief is done. He soon, following the instincts of his kind, develops a taste for chasing the rabbits and deer on his own account, and there is no end to the mischief he is capable of accomplishing. It is evident that if the deer are to be preserved the stray dog will have to be severely dealt with, and the regulation of 1895, which provides that every dog should be under effective control in the forest and should wear a collar bearing the name and address of the owner, ought to be rigorously enforced.

Lord Roberts, who is the inspiring genius of the Army Pageant, is entitled to describe that great spectacle as a pageant with a moral. The long procession of fighting men, which in a

way epitomises the history of the English Army, is calculated to make every one of us remember that the might and majesty of this great Empire have depended primarily upon its ability to hold its own on every critical occasion against the forces of the world. Lord Roberts, like every other military authority, is of opinion that the period of great wars has not yet passed away. Indeed, we have only to look back at the history of the last ten years to see that this is very far from being the case. We have witnessed one struggle at least of an importance which is unsurpassed in the history of nations; and if anything is to be learned from the records of ancient history, it is that a nation is never in greater danger than when it is at its highest pitch of strength. We in this country may have to fight for existence even as our forefathers did, and it is to stir up the memories of the past that this Pageant has been devised. As is meet and fitting, any profits derived from it will go to a charitable object, the funds of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Society. The only object of the promoters is that it may help to remind the citizens of the Empire that each and all of them owe this duty, that they should do something for its defence.

Cricket provided some very thrilling moments on Saturday, the most thrilling being that at Lord's. Middlesex and Yorkshire played a ding-dong match, and at one time it seemed as though the Middlesex team had an easy task before them, as Yorkshire were left with three hundred and thirty-one runs to make in the second innings and some four hours in which to make them. It did not look at all as if they were likely to succeed when three wickets were down for forty-seven; but the pluck and endurance of the "Tykes" brought them safely through, thanks chiefly to the magnificent play of Hirst, Denton and Myers. They had only twenty seconds to spare when the last run was secured. If one more ball had been played in the over they would have been defeated. At Old Trafford, Lancashire, playing Notts, were left with four hundred runs to get for victory, and succeeded with two wickets to spare. At Horsham, Sussex beat Surrey by one wicket. The significance of these events is that they were due to the new rule that discourages teams from playing for a draw.

LE BAIN DE VENUS. (CORSICA.)

Ah! blueness of Tyrrhenian waves
Where still (they tell) a goddess laves
Her body in *The Bath of Venus*
Blue gem of Corsica's vocal caves!

The hyacinthine arches drip
Long lobes of amethyst, that slip
From stalactites in turquoise tinted
And lapis-lazuli, to the lip.
Of wine dark pools that peal and chime
In blue harmonic cadenced time,
Blithe symphony of colour-music,
Whose liquid numbers ripple in rhyme!

ERIC CLOUGH TAYLOR.

Some experiments have been tried lately which had for their object the naturalisation of the nightingale in Scotland. The eggs were brought up and hatched out in robins' nests quite successfully, and the young birds remained about during the summer, but they disappeared in autumn and did not return the following year. The inference seems to have been drawn that the climate of Scotland is too cold or too moist for them; but probably there is another reason than this, and it is most likely to be a reason associated with their food supply. It may be that this again is controlled by the climate; but it is curious that even where nightingales are abundant they will often desert a copse in which they have been numerous for no other reason that we can see except that it has grown to a greater height than that which they prefer. It is not impossible that the food supply may be their motive even in this, and that it is only up to a certain stage in its growth that the copse wood harbours the particular kind of insect in which they delight. In captivity they show an extraordinary fondness for that favourite food of many birds, a mealy worm.

Few cartoonists of our day can shoot folly as it flies with an aim so unerring and a countenance so void of malice as Sir F. Carruthers Gould, whose annual exhibition is now on view in New Bond Street. There is no need at this time of day to describe the work of "F. C. G." but one realises at the gallery, as is scarcely possible from day to day, what a detailed record of passing events are furnished by these cartoons. The exhibition is better worth going to than usual, perhaps because the artist had more stirring events to deal with. It is when party passion runs high and Whig and Tory are opposing each other tooth and nail at the polling booth that the cartoonist has his chance.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

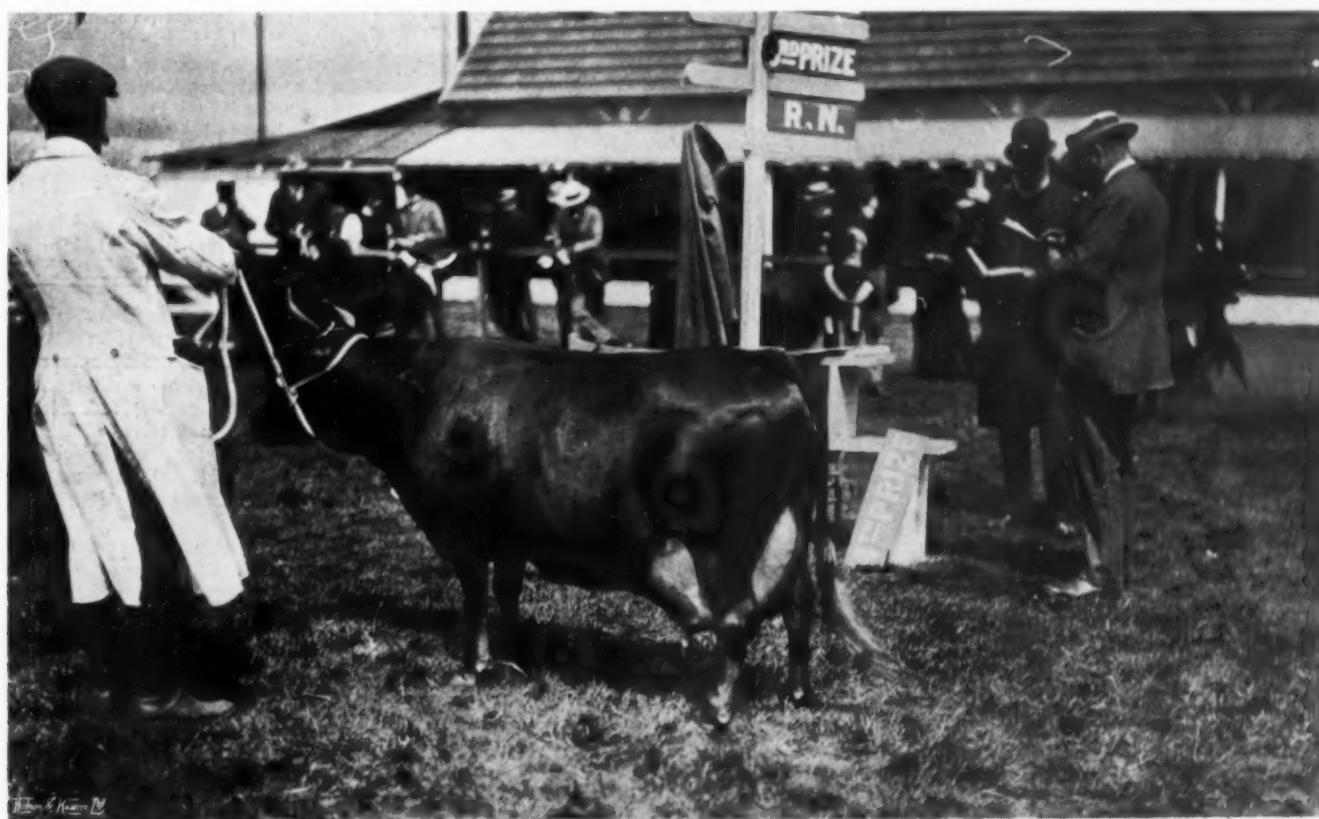


THE SHORTHORN RING.

ANY circumstances, some general and others local, combined to ensure success. Among the former is the undeniable fact that a fillip has been given to farming by the general rise in the cost of provisions. The second is that Lancashire generally and Liverpool in particular is the land of horses and agriculture. It may have been partially owing to this that in the catalogue the place of honour was given to the heavy horses. This is very right, as they are the most important to the cultivators of the soil. The entry of draught Shires far exceeded that of any other breed. There were no fewer than eighty-six Shires, fifty-eight Clydesdales, twenty-five Suffolks, six draught horses in hand and fifty-seven in gear. There was a reduction of two hundred in the cattle classes. It was spread over shorthorns, Jerseys, Herefords, Devons and Kerrys. Dairy cattle, however, were better represented than they were in 1909, and this affords incidental confirmation of our belief that utility is being far more studied in our dairy herds than used to be the case. In sheep, Shropshires are evidently the most popular, as there were no fewer than one hundred and seventy-seven entries. In all there were twenty-four species of sheep competing.

There was a decrease in the number of Berkshires and large black pigs and an increase in the entries of white pigs. But a

mere description of the entries in the various animal classes would give but a slight idea of the show, which, under its present conditions, is a reflection of the entire rural life of England. Here a dairy is shown in full operation, cows being milked, butter made and tests applied. Every morning at 10.30 experiments were made to test the churnability of cream from milk of various dairy breeds of cattle and demonstrations made to show the system of drying butter by centrifugal power. Cream cheeses were manufactured in view of the public. It is operations of this kind that spectators show themselves most interested in. Only a knot of thorough and real experts gathered round and discussed with precision the points of the prize-winners. Of course, the jumping competitions always attract large crowds. So did the competition of shoeing-smiths, which was open to the United Kingdom. A feature of the show that cannot be neglected was the extraordinary collection of poultry. It afforded evidence that the rearing of chickens both as utility fowls for the production of eggs and meat and also the breeding of fancy birds have taken an immense hold on the British public. The place of honour in this section was given to Old English Game, the first class in this being the Old English Game Spangled cock, and the second, the corresponding hen. The Black-Red, the Clay, or Wheaten, and the Any Coloured English cock and hen



JUDGING THE DEXTERS.

brought a host of competitors into the field. So did the section for modern game cocks and cockerels. The utility fowls, Langshans, Plymouths, Wyandottes (this embraced in itself no fewer than twenty-five classes, which certainly goes to show that the laying competitions have had good results, since it is this variety of fowl that has scored most brilliantly in these competitions), Orpingtons of various colours, Minorcas, Dorkings, Sussex fowls, Brahmans, Cochins, the French Faverolles and other breeds were there in great quantity. One of the varieties that attracted special attention was that of a comparatively new-comer, the Campine, which is probably one of the breeds of the future. Bantams of all sorts and sizes were fully represented, and the sections for ducks were so full as to suggest that duck-rearing is becoming a very profitable pursuit. Geese and turkeys were also very well shown.

It will be readily conceded that from beginning to end the arrangements for the show were of the most thorough-going and satisfactory description. The town extemporised on the plain at Wavertree was constructed with every possible forethought. What is of more importance is that the judging had been all carefully planned out beforehand, and it was accomplished on Tuesday with a celerity and promptitude that reflects the greatest credit on all who were engaged. It seems almost incredible that the vast concourse of stock and implements should have come under review in so short a time. Some things were left over, but these were jumping competitions and other contests in the decision of which the public take a very great interest. We cannot to day, owing to the exigencies of going to press early in the week, give more than a summary of the results. The main features of the show, as revealed at a bird's-eye glance, were, first, that the heavy horses formed what was perhaps the finest display ever got together, and one thoroughly worthy of Lancashire. The second outstanding feature was the extraordinarily high quality of the shorthorn classes. The rivalry between them was in very truth a rivalry of champions. Thirdly, the farming observer must



F. Babbage. SIR WALPOLE GREENWELL'S DUNSMORE CHESSIE.

Copyright.

struck the observer as being a perceptible improvement on those at Gloucester last year.

In the various classes previous shows did not afford much of a clue to the winners. As we have said, the place of honour was given to the heavy horses, and the championships were as follows—Shires: Gold medal, value £10, and "Derby" challenge cup, value £50, for best Shire stallion, H. and R. Ainscough (Tatton Herald); reserve, Lord Rothschild (Halstead Blue Blood). Gold medal, value £10, and "Greenall" challenge cup, value £50, for best Shire mare or filly: J. G. Williams (Bardon Forest Princess). For Clydesdales: Champion prize of £10, A. and W. Montgomery (Royal Guest); reserve, A. and W. Montgomery (The Bruce). Champion prize of £10 for best Clydesdale mare or filly: W. Dunlop (Dunure Myrene); reserve, S. Mitchell (Thelma II).

In light horses the following is the list of champions—Gold medal for best hunter brood mare: P. P. Rodoconachie (Fleur-de-Lys); reserve, Miss W. Hignett (Diana). Gold medal for best polo pony stallion or colt: S. Mumford (Spanish Hero); reserve, Sir J. Barker (Othrae). Gold medal for best polo pony, mare or filly: Tresham Gilbey (Patricia); reserve, Sir J. Barker (Black Bella). Gold medal, value £10, and President's champion cup, value 25 guineas, for best Hackney stallion: Sir W. Gilbey (Antonius); reserve, W. Briggs (Albin Wildfire). Gold medal, value £10, for best Hackney mare or filly: H. Hinrichsen (Lady Buckingham); reserve, Sir W. Gilbey (Gallant Girl). Silver medal for best Shetland pony: W. Mungall (Silverton of Transy); reserve, the Ladies Hope (Helium). Silver medal for best Welsh pony stallion: Sir W. Gilbey (Shooting Star); reserve, Mrs. H. D. Greene (Grove Ballistite). Silver medal for best Welsh pony mare: Mrs. H. D. Greene (Grove Dusky Mite); reserve, J. Jones and Sons (Mountain Lass).

The battle of the shorthorns was a very stern one. It was generally believed before the show that there would not be anything to beat Alnwick Favourite, the magnificent bull belonging to Mr. Deane Willis, but he had to take second place. The following is the list of shorthorn champions—Cattle champion prize of £20 and "Derby" challenge cup, value £50, for best shorthorn bull: Lord Manvers (Duke of Kingston 2nd); reserve, J. D. Willis (Alnwick Favourite). Champion prize of £20 for best shorthorn cow or heifer: Lord Sherborne (Sherborne Fairy); reserve, F. Miller (Daisy's Queen). The "Derby" challenge cup, value £50, for the best shorthorn



F. Babbage. EASTHAM BELLE.

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have been uncommonly struck with the preponderance of Shropshire sheep; both in number and quality they were simply splendid, and will probably form a record. The Argentine buyers, who were present in very considerable numbers, must have been highly gratified at the very high quality of the animals shown. The managers of the Royal are now a very progressive body, and the entries at Liverpool

cow or heifer bred by exhibitor: Lord Sherborne (Sherborne Fairy); reserve, J. D. Willis (Fairy Princess). Champion prize of £10 for best dairy shorthorn cow: E. S. Godsell (Darlington Cranford 21st); reserve, J. M. Strickland (Brandsby's Princess). Shorthorn Society's special prize of £10: J. H. Maden (Rockcliffe Scotchman); reserve, T. Atkinson (Fota Beethoven).

The championships for the other breeds of cattle were as follows—Champion prize of 10 guineas for best Hereford bull: G. Butters (Sailor Prince); reserve, G. D. Faber, M.P. (Rob Roy). Champion prize of 10 guineas for best Herelord cow or heifer: P. Coats (Lady Bird 2nd); reserve, E. E. W. G. Cooke-Hill (Shelsley Primula). Champion prize of 10 guineas for best Devon bull: Sir G. A. H. Wills (Northmoor Royal); reserve, Mrs. A. C. Skinner and Son (Pound Fearless). Champion prize of 10 guineas for best Devon cow or heifer: C. Morris (Capton Lily); reserve, Mrs. A. C. Skinner and Son (Pound Brassy 12th). Challenge cup, value £20, for best South Devon: W. Hawken and Son (Elector); reserve, W. P. Vosper (Merafield Piet). Challenge cup, value £15, for best longhorn: Lord Gerard (Eastwell Emperor); reserve, W. H. Sale (Arden Nora 2nd). Silver medal for best Sussex bull, not over three years: The Hon. R. P. Nevill (Birling Ralph); reserve, W. A. Thornton (Prince of Loch 2nd).

Silver medal for best Sussex cow:

W. G. Fladgate (Apsley Fairy); reserve, W. G. Fladgate (Apsley Cranberry). Champion prize of £5 for best Red Poll bull: Lord Cranworth (Davyson 297th); reserve, Sir W. Corbet (Acton Corous). Champion prize of £5 for best Red Poll cow or heifer: Sir W. Corbet (Waxlight 2nd); reserve, T. Brown and Son (Frill). Gold medal for best Aberdeen-Angus animal: John McG. Petrie (Metaphor); reserve, J. E. Kerr (Juanita Erica). Gold medal for best Aberdeen-Angus animal of the opposite sex to previous winner: J. E. Kerr (Juanita Erica); reserve, E. J. B. Nesbitt (Jill of Tubberdale). Champion prize of £10 for best Jersey bull: Lord Rothschild (Champion of St. Peter); reserve, Jersey de Knoop (Inspector). Champion prize of £10 for best Jersey cow or heifer: Lord Rothschild (Cute 2nd); reserve, A. Miller-Hallett (Goddington Foxglove). Challenge cup, value 25 guineas, for best Kerry animal: Lady Greenall (La Mancha Diver); reserve, Lady Greenall (Maeldum). Challenge cup, value 25 guineas, for best Dexter animal: The Hon. Mrs. Claud Portman (Souvenir); reserve, P. Taaffe (Tom Thumb).

In the sheep section the incident that delighted the spectators most was the success of Mr. A. J. Balfour. Mr. Balfour the statesman is an extremely well-known individual; but Mr. Balfour in his capacity of farmer is not so familiar, though, of course, those interested in sheep know that for many years past the Border Leicesters at Whittingehame have been among the best in Scotland, or the English Border. The following is

the list of principal sheep championship winners: Gold medal, value 10 guineas, for best Southdown ram: F. H. Jennings; reserve, C. R. W. Adeane. Silver medal for best pen of Southdown ewes or ewe lambs: Sir J. Colman; reserve, Sir J. Colman. Champion prize of £10 for best Hampshire ram lamb or pen of lambs: H. C. Stephens; reserve, J. Flower. Champion prize



F. Babbage.

SHERBORNE FAIRY.

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of £5 for best pen of Dorset Horns: Sir E. A. Hambro; reserve, W. R. Flower. Plate, value £5, for best Lincoln ram: Tom Casswell; reserve, H. Dudding. Challenge bowl, value 50 guineas, for best group of Lincoln ram and three ewes bred by exhibitor: H. Dudding; reserve, S. E. Dean and Sons. Challenge cup, value 60 guineas, for best Border Leicester ram or ewe: A. J. Balfour, M.P.; reserve, J. and J. R. C. Smith. Champion prize of 10 guineas for best Kent or Romney Marsh ram: C. File; reserve, G. Farmer. Silver cup, value 5 guineas, for best pen of Welsh Mountain sheep: J. G. Gratton; reserve, W. G. Roberts.

Finally we come to the champion pigs, of which the following is a list of winners: Gold medal, value 5 guineas, for best large white boar or sow: Lord Ellesmere (Bottesford Marchington Queen); reserve, W. E. Measures (Tallington Topsman). Gold medal, value 5 guineas, for best middle white boar or sow: L. C. Paget (Wharfedale Reveller); reserve, Lord Sefton (Tarbock Clumber). Gold medal, value 5 guineas, for best Tamworth boar or sow: R. Ibbotson (Constance); reserve, R. Ibbotson (Knowle Monarch). Champion prize of 5 guineas for best Berkshire boar or sow: L. Currie (Motcombe Kitty); reserve, H. Peacock (Motcombe Queen). Champion prize of £10 for best large black boar: T. F. Hooley (Henley Achilles); reserve, K. M. Clark (Sudbourne Saint). Challenge cup, value 20 guineas, for best large black sow: J. Warne (Treveglos Lass 4th); reserve, C. F. Marriner (Hasketon Long Lady). Champion prize of 5 guineas for best Lincolnshire curly-coated boar: H. Caudwell (Holebeach King); reserve, E. Royds, M.P. Champion prize of 5 guineas for best Lincolnshire curly-coated sow: H. Caudwell (Midville Queen 1st); reserve, H. Caudwell.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

PROSPECTS OF BRITISH WHEAT-GROWING.

FTER twenty-five years of most depressingly low prices, which drove British farmers to abandon no less than two-thirds of their wheat acreage, the sudden advance last year, of course, raised their hopes, and had the sowing season been reasonably favourable there is little doubt that more wheat would have been planted. It now seems probable that there will be little reason to regret that such increase was prevented by the weather, seeing that prices have returned to their old level and that cheapness is expected to prevail during the autumn. There are some four million quarters of wheat at present afloat to this country, and forward sales are being made at low rates. The immediate future for British wheat growers looks anything but promising; but that is only a question



F. Babbage.

CUTE II.

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of ordinary fluctuation. What farmers have really to consider is whether wheat is likely to remain an unprofitable crop for an indefinite period. Sudden occurrences, such as great wars, financial panics or other temporary disturbances are always possible, and all calculations may be upset by them, but the general trend of events in the world's wheat production is quite easy to discern. Major Craigie, in a paper read before the British Association at Winnipeg last year, estimated that the total area now devoted to the cultivation of this cereal stands at about two hundred and forty-two million acres, having increased by forty-one million acres in ten years. The countries contributing to this increase are: British Empire, 7,000,000; Russian Empire, 13,000,000; United States, 8,000,000; European States (not included above), 4,000,000; and South America, 9,000,000. The following pregnant paragraph may here be quoted from the Major's paper: "Estimates of the world's aggregate production are even less complete and reliable than those of acreage, but, comparing the figures forthcoming for the three years 1895-97 with those for the last three harvests

stimulants; and, secondly, by the discovery of improved varieties by cross-fertilisation, which is now beginning to be better understood. In short, it seems to the writer that, except for short intervals, few and far between, wheat production in this country must be over-weighted by foreign competition, and that anything over thirty shillings per quarter will be considered a high price. We know that there are countries that can deliver wheat into our ports at twenty-one shillings per quarter at a profit, while less than thirty-five shillings is no use to the British farmer. This is no pessimism, but only an attempt to face the stubborn facts. We must surely have learned by this time that our agricultural welfare is not dependent on our wheat crop. There are other things that are not so easily placed on our markets. Fine malting barley is one of them, but oats are more doubtful. We have our monopoly in new milk, which we are not likely to lose, and, above all, we have the whip-hand of all the world in the production of first-class meat. We need not all turn pastoral farmers, for it has been proved in the most practical manner that more meat and milk can be produced by a rotation of crops. There is the probability also of new crops, and among them that of sugar looms largely. Some wheat must be grown, if only because we want straw, but we need not regard it as the only rent-paying crop.

A. T. M.

ARTIFICIAL COLOURING TESTS.

Owing to pressure on our space last week it was impossible to give a full description of Mr. J. W. Lovibond's "Tintometer," with which trials were made at the Gloucester Show last year. The need for an invention of the kind was amply demonstrated by experiments which were made during the show. Four samples of milk were given to the audience as follows: (1) Jersey milk; (2) white milk from another breed; (3) separated milk coloured so as to be deeper in colour than the Jersey milk; (4) separated milk uncoloured; and in every test the coloured separated milk received the largest number of votes. In the choice of butter the same thing occurred. Two lots of butter were taken—one made from Jersey milk, the other from white milk. The latter was divided into two portions, one of which was left plain, the other coloured to resemble the Jersey. Half the Jersey butter was left pure, and the other half adulterated with twenty-five per cent. of margarine. Every time this test was performed the margarine won the highest approval, though had it not been for the colouring matter in the margarine the results would probably have been different. The Tintometer enables colour to be analysed accurately, and, therefore, will instantly betray the addition of artificial colouring matter.

Mr. Lovibond demonstrated with it, showing that it was a comparatively easy matter to ascertain the exact combination of dominant colours, that is, red, yellow and blue, necessary to match a particular shade of colour in butter or milk, and from the figures on the coloured glasses in the Tintometer, which were graded on the basis of equivalent colour value, to calculate the percentage of neutral tint (the result of combining the three dominant colours in equal proportions) to yellow or orange, and even, by omitting the blue glass, the percentage of orange to yellow. A sample of Jersey butter, deep in colour, was compared with ordinary shop butter and margarine, the colour in the Tintometer being red and yellow only. In the Jersey butter the colours used were—red 2·4 and yellow 6·2; those developed were—orange 2·4, yellow 3·8. The percentage of orange to yellow in the Jersey butter, therefore, works out at 63·1. The Tintometer also revealed the fact that although the Jersey butter was deepest in colour, the margarine contained a higher amount of orange and the margarine and shop butter were both tinted with the same substance.



M. W. Parsons.

A MIXED TEAM PLOUGHING.

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1907-9, a total of 2,444,000,000 bushels of wheat would appear to have risen to 3,236,000,000 bushels, an advance of nearly 33 per cent. in this interval. This movement is certainly much greater than that of population in the period covered." This means that the total wheat supplies are increasing faster than the consumption, and nothing could be more natural than that they should do so. Every settler in a new country sows wheat, knowing it to be standard food of all the white races and growing in popularity with coloured ones, and, therefore, that it will always be saleable. Easy to grow, easily conveyed to any distance, it is sown on the same soil year after year till the land is exhausted. Even in America, the cattle ranches are being converted into wheat lands, and everything points to an abundance of breadstuffs, with comparative scarcity of meat. There is another important factor in this question which must not be overlooked. It is not only the acreage but the yield per acre that is bound to increase. Agriculture is not standing still, but is becoming scientific, and science will increase the output in two distinct ways. First, by the use of correct fertilisers and

IN THE

GARDEN.

SOME DELIGHTFUL SPRING SHRUBS.

THE recent Temple Show, which partly leads and partly follows the taste of the day in gardening matters, proved, by the prominence it gave to spring-flowering shrubs, how strong a hold this very decorative form of planting has obtained in our gardens. The choice is immense, and thus every soil and climate can have an abundance of suitable subjects. Those who have sand and peat could see at the show how much may be done with Azaleas, Kalmias and Rhododendrons. Among the last-named no recent introduction surpasses Pink Pearl either in vigour or beauty, and now that it is no longer among the precious novelties it can be planted freely without making too serious an inroad upon the purse. But those who, like myself, live on limestone had best leave this section alone. The trouble of importing and preparing a right soil is not rewarded by a sufficiently marked success. Personally I am more and more inclined to cast out whatever does not look thoroughly at home and enjoying life. Even then, the number of well-qualified applicants is in excess of the situations to be filled, for in my part of Monmouthshire we have an encouraging climate and favourable climatic conditions.

I have noticed more than once, in the pleasant articles of one of our garden writers who hails from Devonshire, this expression with regard to certain somewhat tender shrubs: "Hardy as far north as Clepstow." We who live in that neighbourhood rather resent the implication that we are a starting-place for the Pole, and we consider that our gardens contain not only very numerous but also rather delicate specimens. It is true that my Sollya heterophylla has disliked the last two winters,

and the second time of cutting down to the ground looks as if it were going to prove fatal. But it is still flourishing with one of my neighbours, whose gardens are higher up and very sheltered. Sollya, however, is not a spring bloomer, and so does not now concern us; but near by my extinct specimen is a healthy plant of Cianthus puniceus, which has been a sheet of crimson through May. It is pinned to a wall in a sheltered southern nook. Most of the plant is about seven feet high, but one vigorous stem reaches to ten feet, and forms a half arch, from which hang sixteen great clusters of its Cockscomb-like blooms. Below it is a shrub of Coronilla glauca, which may almost be described as a winter rather than a spring flowerer, for if the weather be open its golden flower-heads begin to stud its grey-green foliage in February. All through March and April it is a sheet of gold, and even towards the end of May it keeps company with the Cianthus as a mass of colour. The Cianthus, of course, is rather delicate, and can only be a successful outdoor subject in somewhat favoured regions. But the Coronilla is quite hardy. It might not everywhere bloom as early as it does here, but the plant itself will stand hard frosts, and will flower freely, if late, where springs are cold. Near it another early-blooming wall shrub of yellow colour, Jasminum primulifolium, grows rampant, and flowers freely without protection, but the tips of the succulent shoots that do not ripen well in autumn are apt to be cut back or browned with the frosts.

On the question of the hardiness of certain shrubs, the opinions expressed by authorities often need revision. Choisya ternata used to be classed among the delicates. But in sheltered nooks it does well, even in the Midlands, while here, in the open

and in the half shade, it is fully as hardy as the common Laurel, and is, at this moment, covered with its "Mock Orange" blooms. As to *Azara microphylla*, we were bidden to set it against a south wall. But here its one desire is to shoot above the top of the wall and enjoy the north-east gales.

I have hardly ever seen its clean, glossy, evergreen leaves seered by even the coldest of winter winds. It grows into a small tree, spreading out its light and graceful boughs all around, and in March or April its inconspicuous golden flowers perfume the air with vanilla. I am now setting it largely as a standard in the woodland. *Solanum crispum*, which was to be seen blooming at the Temple Show, is another plant which loves to peer over the wall top. I remember some years ago, when I still thought it of a half-hardy nature, planting it on the south wall of a pergola on high ground in Wiltshire. I recommended it to the owner of the garden with some misgiving. I told him he must keep it on the wall, that the growth on the top of the pergola would help to shelter it and that this prudent placing would ensure its precious survival. When I visited him two years later, at the end of May, I found it had scorned the wall, had set itself on the top of the pergola and there rose as a great dome of lilac-coloured blooms, braving the east winds that threw themselves down upon it from the chalk downs. I have now set it in quantity in the coldest shrubbery I possess, and a quite sharp May frost from which we have suffered this year left both its young leaf and flower buds unscathed. The example illustrated is one I originally planted against a wall, but, like the Wiltshire plant already alluded to, it rises many feet above the wall and shoots out its great boughs as freely on the north as on the south side. It is, indeed, the north side that is here depicted. But, after all, even to those whose climate is really cold and no home for delicate subjects, there is a vast variety to choose from. *Rubus deliciosus* is quite hardy if set where the cold winds do not reach it just as it develops its leaves and buds. I grow it in any position, and its long and graceful stems are now thickly set with its great white blossoms like single roses. Again, it is not everyone that can succeed with *Exochorda grandiflora*. Not only is it rather delicate, but it dislikes anything approaching a limestone formation. But our hybridisers have come to our aid, and have delightfully enriched our shrubberies with

is as hardy as the one and as beautiful as the other of its parents. My biggest show just now is the yellow Banksian Rose, which is evidently annoyed that the wall of the house against which it grows is only about thirty-six feet high, and it tries to



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CLEMATIS MONTANA RUBENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

push away the overhanging eaves with its powerful new shoots. When first I found it, not many years ago, a small thing struggling for life in the deathly embrace of all-pervading Ivy, it was evidently an old plant, and had once been sizable, but year by year it had been ousted from its domain by its more vigorous neighbour, so that I was just in time to prevent its final extermination. It showed its gratitude to its rescuer by at once springing forth, and it reached the eave in the second season of its renewed freedom. How freely it blooms and how gracefully it comports itself the illustration fully shows without further description. I have a *Clematis montana* on the other side of the house, which grows higher still, and can hold its own even against the Ivy with which it is associated. But the newer *Clematis montana rubens* has not yet reached these great proportions with me. It is, however, very beautiful as it twines about the balustrade of a bridge over the little stream, with one or two of its delicate flower-bearing stems hanging down and reaching the water. The colour is not very bright or pure, but as the edges of the petals are violet-purple, whereas their centres are light rose, the effect is fascinating. Still, the hybridisers should work away, and get something of a richer pink for us to enjoy. It is very easy to get too much white in a garden, and the warm tone of this May-blooming *Clematis* is a valuable asset. Not that I would leave unrepresented the white varieties of a family. In grouping Lilacs I separate the rich claret tones of *Souvenir de L. Späth* and of *Pasteur* from the cooler blue of *Jules Simon* and of *Prince de Beauvau* by a neutral zone of *Marie Legraye* and *Mme. Lemoine*. The latter is a really magnificent double white, and is blooming freely, although the somewhat poor exhibit in the class at the Temple Show proves that this is not a Lilac year. Indeed, the flowering of trees and shrubs does not, on the whole, come up to last season's standard, which was exceptional. Yet, when I see how small a part the subjects that I have mentioned as being now in full bloom play in the general floral display that surrounds me, I am certainly not prepared to utter a word of complaint. The last days of May, with

the bite of winter driven out of the air by the warm rains, the balmy breezes, the bursts of sunshine, were relished alike by the ruler of the garden and his legions of subjects

H. AVRAY TIPPING



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SOLANUM CRISPUM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

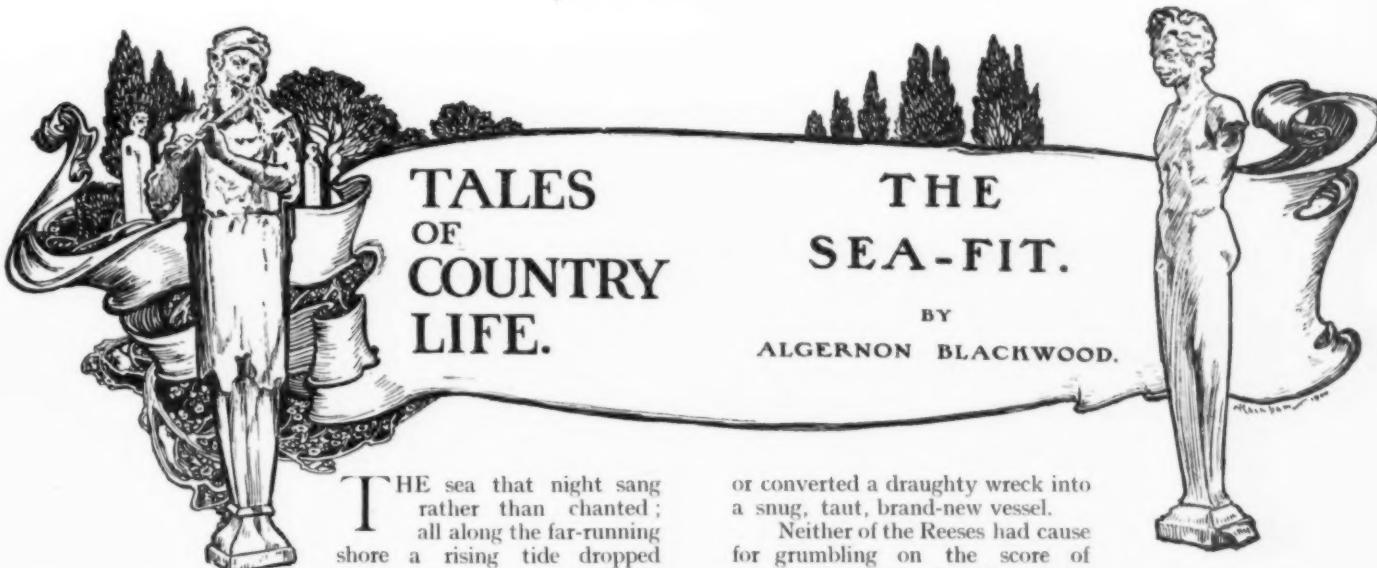
Exochorda Albertii macrantha. With me the old *grandiflora* is a bit yellow in the leaf, grows poorly and flowers sparsely. But the hybrid throws out vigorous shoots of which the rich green foliage is smothered with the long racemes of fine flowers. It



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THE YELLOW BANKSIAN ROSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE sea that night sang rather than chanted; all along the far-running shore a rising tide dropped thick foam, and the waves, white-crested, came steadily in with the swing of a deliberate purpose. Overhead, in a cloudless sky, that ancient Enchantress, the full moon, watched their dance across the sheeted sands, guiding them carefully even while she drew them up. For through that filtered moonlight, through that roar of surf, there penetrated a singular note of earnestness and meaning—almost as though these common processes of Nature were instinct with the flush of an unusual activity that sought audaciously to cross the borderland into some subtle degree of conscious life. A gauze of light vapour clung upon the surface of the sea, far out—a transparent carpet through which the rollers drove shorewards like a moving pattern—alive.

In the low-roofed bungalow among the sand-dunes the three men sat. Foregathered for Easter, they spent the day fishing and sailing, and at night told yarns of the days when life was younger. It was fortunate that there were three—and later four—because in the mouths of several witnesses an extraordinary thing shall be established—when they agree. And although whisky stood upon the rough table (made of planks nailed to barrels), it is childish to pretend that a few drinks invalidate evidence, for alcohol, up to a certain point, intensifies the consciousness, focusses the intellectual powers, sharpens observation; and two healthy men, certainly three, must have imbibed an absurd amount before they all see, or omit to see, the same things.

The other bungalows still awaited their summer occupants. Only the lonely tufted sand-dunes watched the sea, shaking their hair of coarse white grass to the winds. The men had the whole spit to themselves—with the wind, the spray, the flying gusts of sand and that great Easter full moon. There was Major Reese of the Gunners and his half-brother, Dr. Malcolm Reese, and Captain Erricson, their host, all men whom the kaleidoscope of life had jostled together a decade ago in many adventures, then flung for years apart about the globe. There was also Erricson's body-servant, "Sinbad," sailor of big seas, and a man who had shared on many a ship all the lust of strange adventure that distinguished his great blonde-haired owner—an ideal servant and dog-faithful, divining his master's moods almost before they were born. On the present occasion, besides crew of the fishing-smack, he was cook, valet and steward of the bungalow smoking-room.

"Big Erricson," Norwegian by extraction, student by adoption, wanderer by blood, a Viking reincarnated if ever there was one, belonged to that type of primitive man in whom burns an inborn love and passion for the sea that amounts to positive worship—devouring tide, a lust and fever in the soul. "All genuine votaries of the old sea-gods have it," he used to say, by way of explaining his carelessness of worldly ambitions. "We're never at our best away from salt water—never quite right. I've got it bang in the heart myself. I'd do a bit before the mast sooner than make a million on shore. Simply can't help it, you see, and never could! It's our gods calling us to worship." And he had never tried to "help it," which explains why he owned nothing in the world on land except this tumble-down, one-storey bungalow—more like a ship's cabin than anything else, to which he sometimes asked his bravest and most faithful friends—and a store of curious reading gathered in long, becalmed days at the ends of the world. Heart and mind, that is, carried a queer cargo. "I'm sorry if you poor devils are uncomfortable in her. You must ask Sinbad for anything you want and don't see, remember." As though Sinbad could have supplied comforts that were miles away,

or converted a draughty wreck into a snug, taut, brand-new vessel.

Neither of the Reeses had cause for grumbling on the score of comfort, however, for they knew the keen joys of roughing it, and both weather and sport besides had been glorious. It was on another score this particular evening that they found cause for uneasiness, if not for actual grumbling. Erricson had one of his queer sea-fits on—the Doctor was responsible for the term—and was in the thick of it, plunging like a straining boat at anchor, talking in a way that made them both feel vaguely uncomfortable and distressed. Neither of them knew exactly perhaps why he should have felt this growing *malaise*, and each was secretly vexed with the other for confirming his own unholy instinct that something uncommonly ugly was astir. The loneliness of the sand-spit and that melancholy singing of the sea before their very door may have had something to do with it, seeing that both were landsmen; for Imagination is ever Lord of the Lonely Places, and adventurous men remain children to the last. But, whatever it was that affected both men in different fashion, Malcolm Reese, the doctor, had not thought it necessary to mention to his brother that Sinbad had tugged his sleeve on entering and whispered in his ear significantly: "Full moon, sir, please, and he's better without too much! These high spring tides get him all caught off his feet sometimes—clean sea-crazy"; and the man managed to show the hilt of a small pistol he carried in his belt.

For Erricson had got upon his old subject: that the gods were not dead, but merely withdrawn, and that even a single true worshipper was enough to draw them down again into touch with the world, into the sphere of humanity, even into active and visible manifestation. He spoke of queer things he had seen in queerer places. He was serious, vehement, voluble; and the others had let it pour out unchecked, hoping thereby for its speedier exhaustion. They puffed their pipes in comparative silence, nodding from time to time, shrugging their shoulders, the soldier puzzled and bewildered, the doctor alert and keenly watchful.

"And I like the old idea," he had been saying, speaking of these haunting Pagan deities, "that sacrifice and ritual feed their great beings, and that death is only the final sacrifice in which the worshipper becomes absorbed into them. The devout worshipper"—and there was a singular drive and power behind the words—"should go to his death singing, as to a wedding—the wedding of his soul with the particular deity he has loved and served all his life." He swept his tow-coloured beard with one hand, turning his shaggy head towards the window, where the moonlight lay upon the procession of shaking waves. "It's playing the whole game, I always think, man-fashion. . . . I remember once, some years ago, down there off the coast by Yucatan—"

And then, before they could interfere, he told an extraordinary tale of something he had seen years ago, but told it with such a horrid earnestness of conviction—for it was dreadful, though fine, this adventure—that his listeners shifted in their wicker chairs, struck matches unnecessarily, pulled at their long glasses and exchanged glances that attempted a smile yet did not quite achieve it. For the tale had to do with sacrifice of human life and a rather haunting Pagan ceremonial of the sea, and at its close the room had changed in some indefinable manner—was not exactly as it had been before perhaps—as though the savage earnestness of the language had introduced some new element that made it less cosy, less cheerful, even less warm. A secret lust in the man's heart, born of the sea, and his intense admiration of the Pagan gods called a light into his eye not altogether pleasant.

"They were great Powers, at any rate, those ancient fellows," Ericson went on, refilling his huge pipe bowl; "too great to disappear altogether, though to-day they may walk the earth in another manner. I swear they're still going it—especially the—" (he hesitated for a mere second) "the old water Powers—the Sea Gods. Terrific beggars, every one of 'em."

"Still move the tides and raise the winds, eh?" from the Doctor.

Ericson spoke again after a moment's silence, with impressive dignity. "And I like, too, the way they still keep their names before us," he went on, with a curious eagerness that did not escape the Doctor's observation, while it clearly puzzled the soldier. "There's old Hu, the Druid god of justice, still alive in 'Hue and Cry'; there's Typhon hammering his way against us in the typhoon; there's the mighty Hurakar, serpent god of the winds, you know, shouting to us in hurricane and *ouragan*; and there's—"

"Venus still at it as hard as ever," interrupted the Major, facetiously, though his brother did not laugh because of their host's almost sacred earnestness of manner and uncanny grimness of face. Exactly how he managed to introduce that element of gravity—of conviction—into such talk neither of his listeners ever understood, for in talking the affair over later they were unable to pitch upon any definite detail that betrayed it. Yet there it was, alive and haunting, quite distressingly so. All day he had been silent and morose, but since dusk, with the turn of the tide, in fact, these queer sentences, half mystical, half unintelligible, had begun to pour from him, till now that cabin-like room among the sand-dunes fairly vibrated with the man's emotion. And at last Major Reese, with blundering good intention, tried to shift the key from this portentous subject of sacrifice to something that might eventually lead towards comedy and laughter, and so relieve this growing pressure of melancholy and incredible things. The Viking fellow had just spoken of the possibility of the old gods manifesting themselves visibly, audibly, physically, and so the Major caught him up and made light mention of spiritualism and the so-called "materialisation séances," where physical bodies were alleged to be built up out of the emanations of the medium and the sitters. This crude aspect of the Supernatural was the only possible link the soldier's mind could manage. He caught his brother's eye too late, it seems, for Malcolm Reese realised by this time that something untoward was afoot, and no longer needed the memory of Sinbad's warning to keep him sharply on the look-out. It was not the first time he had seen Ericson "caught" by the sea; but he had never known him quite so bad, nor seen his face so flushed and white alternately, nor his eyes so oddly shining. So that Major Reese's well-intentioned allusion only brought wind to fire.

The man of the sea, once Viking, roared with a rush of boisterous laughter at the comic suggestion, then dropped his voice to a sudden hard whisper, awfully earnest, awfully intense. Anyone must have started at the abrupt change and the life-and-death manner of the big man. His listeners undeniably both did.

"Bunkum!" he shouted, "bunkum, and be damned to it all! There's only one real materialisation of these immense Outer Beings possible, and that's when the great embodied emotions, which are their sphere of action"—his words became wildly incoherent, painfully struggling to get out—"derived, you see, from their honest worshippers the world over—constituting their Bodies, in fact—come down into matter and get condensed, crystallised into form—to claim that final sacrifice I spoke about just now, and to which any man might feel himself proud and honoured to be summoned . . . No dying in bed or fading out from old age, but to plunge full-blooded and alive into the great Body of the god who has deigned to descend and fetch you—"

The actual speech may have been even more rambling and incoherent than that. It came out in a torrent at white heat. Dr. Reese kicked his brother beneath the table, just in time. The soldier looked thoroughly uncomfortable and amazed, utterly at a loss to know how he had produced the storm. It rather frightened him.

"I know it because I've seen it," went on the sea man, his mind and speech slightly more under control. "Seen the ceremonies that brought these whopping old Nature gods down into form—seen 'em carry off a worshipper into themselves—seen that worshipper, too, go off singing and happy to his death, proud and honoured to be chosen."

"Have you really—by George!" the Major exclaimed. "You tell us a queer thing, Ericson"; and it was then for the fifth time that Sinbad cautiously opened the door, peeped in and silently withdrew after giving a swiftly comprehensive glance round the room.

The night outside was windless and serene, only the growing thunder of the tide near the full woke muffled echoes among the sand-dunes.

"Rites and ceremonies," continued the other, his voice booming with a singular enthusiasm, but ignoring the interruption, "are simply means of losing one's self by temporary ecstasy in the God of one's choice—the God one has worshipped all one's life—or being partially absorbed into his being. And sacrifice completes the process—"

"At death, you said?" asked Malcolm Reese, watching him keenly.

"Or voluntary," was the reply that came flash-like. "The devotee becomes wedded to his Deity—goes bang into him, you see, by fire or water or air—as by a drop from a height—according to the nature of the particular God; at-one-ment, of course. A man's death that! Fine, you know!"

The man's inner soul was on fire now. He was talking at a fearful pace, his eyes alight, his voice turned somehow into a kind of sing-song that chimed well, singularly well, with the booming of waves outside, and from time to time he turned to the window to stare at the sea and the moon-blanching sands. And then a look of triumph would come into his face—that giant face framed by slow-moving wreaths of pipe smoke.

Sinbad entered for the tenth time without any obvious purpose, busied himself unnecessarily with the glasses and went out again, lingeringly. In the room he kept his eye hard upon his master, and this last time he contrived to push a chair and a heap of netting between him and the window. No one but Dr. Reese observed the manœuvre. And he took the hint.

"The port-holes fit badly, Ericson," he laughed, but with a touch of authority. "There's a five-knot breeze coming through the cracks worse than an old wreck!" And he moved up to secure the fastening better.

"The room is confoundedly cold," Major Reese put in; "has been for the last half-hour, too." The soldier looked what he felt—cold—distressed—creepy.

Captain Ericson turned his great bearded visage from one to the other before he answered; there was a gleam of sudden suspicion in his blue eyes. "The beggar's got that back door open again. If he's sent for anyone, as he did once before, I swear I'll drown him in fresh water for his impudence—or perhaps—can it be already that he expects—?" He left the sentence incomplete and rang the bell, laughing with a boisterousness that was clearly feigned. "Sinbad, what's this cold in the place? You've got the back door open.

"Expecting anyone—?"

"Everything's shut tight, Captain. There's a bit of a breeze blowing through from the east. And the tide drawing in at a raging pace—"

"We can all hear that. But are you expecting anyone? I asked," repeated his master, suspiciously, yet still laughing. One might have said he was trying to give the idea that the man had some land flirtation on hand. They looked one another square in the eye for a moment, these two. It was the straight stare of equals who understood each other well.

"Someone—might be—on the way, as it were, Captain. Couldn't say for certain."

The voice almost trembled. By a sharp twist of the eye, Sinbad managed to shoot a lightning and significant look at the Doctor.

"But this cold—this freezing, damp cold in the place? Are you sure no one's come—by the back ways?" insisted the master. "Across the dunes, for instance?" His voice conveyed awe and enthusiasm, both kept hard under.

"It's all over the house, Captain, already," replied the man, and moved across to put more sea-logs on the blazing fire. Even the soldier noticed then that their language was tight with allusion of another kind. To relieve the growing tension and uneasiness in his own mind he took up the word "house" and made fun of it.

"As though it were a mansion," he observed, with a forced chuckle, "instead of a mere sea-shell!" Then, looking about him, he added: "But, all the same, you know, there is a kind of fog getting into the room—from the sea, I suppose; coming up with the tide, or something, eh?" The air had certainly in the last twenty minutes turned thickish; it was not all tobacco smoke, and there was a moisture that began to precipitate on the objects in tiny, fine globules. The cold, too, fairly bit.

"I'll take a look round," said Sinbad, significantly, and went out. Only the Doctor perhaps noticed that the man shook, and was white down to the gills. He said nothing, but moved his chair nearer to the window and to his host. It was really a little bit beyond comprehension how the wild words of this old sea-dog in the full sway of his "sea-fit" had altered the very air of the room as well as the personal equations

of its occupants, for an extraordinary atmosphere of enthusiasm pulsed about him that was almost splendour, yet vilely close to abysses of unknown Terror! Through the armour of everyday common-sense that normally clothed the minds of these other two, there had somehow or other crept the faint, invisible wedges of a mood that made them vaguely wonder whether the incredible could perhaps sometimes—by way of bewildering exceptions—actually come to pass. The moods of their deepest life, that is to say, were already affected. An inner, and thoroughly unwelcome, change was in progress. And such psychic disturbances once started are hard to arrest. In this case it was well on the way before either the Army or Medicine had been willing to recognise the fact. There was something coming—coming from the sand-dunes or the sea. And it was invited, welcomed at any rate, by Erricson. His deep, volcanic enthusiasm and belief provided the channel. In lesser degree they, too, were caught in it. Moreover, it was terrific and immense—irresistible.

And it was at this point—as the comparing of notes afterwards established—that Father Norden came in, Norden, the big man's nephew, having bicycled over from some point beyond Corfe Castle and raced along the hard Studland sand in the moonlight, and then holloated till a boat had ferried him across the narrow channel of Poole Harbour. Sinbad simply brought him in without any preliminary question or announcement. He could not resist the splendid night and the spring air, he explained. He felt sure his uncle could "find a hammock" for him somewhere aft, as he put it. He did not add that Sinbad had telegraphed for him just before sundown from the coast-guard hut. Dr. Reese already knew him, but he was introduced to the Major. Norden was a member of the Society of Jesus, an ardent, clever and unselfish soul.

Erricson greeted him with obviously mixed feelings, and with an extraordinary sentence: "It doesn't really matter," he exclaimed, after a few commonplaces of talk, "for all religions are the same if you go deep enough. All teach sacrifice, and, without exception, all seek final union by absorption into their Deity." And then, under his breath, turning sideways to peer out of the window, he added a swift rush of half-smothered words that Reese caught: "The Army, the Church, the Medical Profession and Labour—if they would only all come! What a fine result, what a grand offering! Alone—I seem so unworthy—insignificant. . . .!"

But meanwhile young Norden was speaking before anyone could stop him, although the Major did make one or two blundering attempts. For once the Jesuit's tact was at fault. He evidently hoped to introduce a new mood—to shift the current already established by the single force of his own personality. And he was not quite man enough to carry it off.

It was an error of judgment on his part. For the forces he found established in the room were too heavy to lift and alter, their impetus being already acquired. He did his best, anyhow. He began moving with the current—it was not the first sea-fit he had combated in this extraordinary personality—then found, too late, that he was carried along with it himself like the rest of them.

"Odd—but couldn't find the bungalow at first," he laughed, somewhat hardly. "It's got a bit of sea-fog all to itself that hides it. I thought perhaps my Pagan uncle—!"

The Doctor interrupted him hastily, with great energy. "The fog does lie caught in these sand hollows—like steam in a cup, you know," he put in. But the other, intent on his own procedure, missed the cue.

"—thought it was smoke at first, and that you were up to some heathen ceremony or other," laughing in Erricson's face; "sacrificing to the full moon or the sea or the spirits of the desolate places that haunt sand-dunes, eh?"

No one spoke for a second, but Erricson's face turned quite radiant.

"My uncle's such a Pagan, you know," continued the priest, "that as I flew along those deserted sands from Studland I almost expected to hear old Triton blow his wreath'd horn . . . or see fair Thetis's tinsel-slipped feet. . . ."

Erricson, suppressing violent gestures, highly excited, face happy as a boy's, was combing his great yellow beard with both hands, and the other two men had begun to speak at once, intent on stopping the flow of unwise allusion. Norden, swallowing a glass of cold soda-water, had put the glass down, spluttering over its bubbles, when the sound was first heard at the window. And in the back room the man-servant ran, calling something aloud that sounded like "It's coming, God save us, it's coming in. . . .!" Though the Major swears some name was mentioned that he afterwards forgot—Glaucus—Proteus—Pontus—or some such word. The sound itself, however, was plain enough—a kind of imperious tapping on the window-panes as of a multitude of objects. Blown sand

it might have been or heavy spray or, as Norden suggested later, a great water-soaked branch as of giant seaweed. Everyone started up, but Erricson was first upon his feet, and had the window wide open in a twinkling. His voice roared forth over those moon-lit sand-dunes and out towards the line of angry surf ten yards below.

"All along the shore of the *Ægean*," he bellowed, with a kind of hoarse triumph that shook the heart, "that ancient cry once rang. But it was a lie, a thumping and audacious lie. And He is not the only one not dead. Another still lives—and, by Poseidon, He comes! He knows His own and His own know Him—and His own shall go to meet Him. . . .!"

That reference to the *Ægean* "cry"! It was so wonderful. Everyone, of course, except the soldier, seized the allusion. It was a comprehensive, yet subtle, way of suggesting the idea. And meanwhile all spoke at once, shouted rather, for the Invasion was somehow—monstrous.

"Damn it—that's a bit too much. Something's caught my throat!" The Major, like a man drowning, fought with the furniture in his amazement and dismay. Fighting was his first instinct, of course. "Hurts so infernally—takes the breath," he cried, by way of explaining the extraordinarily violent impetus that moved him, yet half ashamed of himself for seeing nothing he could strike. But Malcolm Reese struggled to get between his host and the open window, saying in tense voice something like "Don't let him get out! Don't let him get out!" While the cries and floundering of Sinbad in the little cramped back offices added to the general confusion. Only Father Norden stood quiet—watching with a kind of admiring wonder the expression of magnificence that had flamed into the visage of Erricson.

"Hark, you fools! Hark!" boomed the Viking figure, standing erect and splendid.

And through that open window, along the far-drawn line of shore from Canford Cliffs to the chalk cliffs beyond Studland Bay, there certainly ran a sound that was no common roar of surf. It was articulate—a message from the sea—an announcement—a thunderous warning of approach. No mere surf breaking on sand could alone have compassed so deep and multitudinous a voice of dreadful roaring—far out over the entering tide, yet at the same time close in along the entire sweep of shore, shaking all the ocean, both depth and surface, with its stupendous vibrations. And into the room came—the SEA!

Out of the night, from the moonlit spaces where it had been gathering so carefully, into that little cabined room so full of humanity and tobacco smoke came invisibly—the Power of the Sea. Invisible, yes, but mighty, pressed forward by the huge draw of the moon, soft-coated with brine and moisture—the great Sea. And with it into the minds of those three other men leaped instantaneously, not to be denied, overwhelming suggestions of water-power, the tear and strain of thousand-mile currents, the irresistible pull and rush of tides, the suction of giant whirlpools—more, the massed and awful impetus of whole driven oceans. The air turned salt and briny, and a welter of seaweed clamped their very skins.

"Glaucus! I come to Thee, great God of the deep Waters. . . . Father and Master!" Erricson cried aloud in a voice that most marvellously conveyed supreme joy.

The little bungalow trembled as from a blow at the foundations, and the same second the big man was through the window and running down the moonlit sands towards the foam.

"God in Heaven! Did you all see *that*?" shouted Major Reese, for the manner in which the great frame slipped through the tiny window was incredible. And then, first tottering with a sudden weakness, he recovered himself and rushed round by the door, followed by his brother. Sinbad, invisible, but not inaudible, was howling in the back parts. Father Norden, slimmer than the others—well controlled, too—was through the little window before either of them reached the fringe of beach beyond the sand-dunes. They joined forces halfway down to the water's edge. The figure of Erricson, towering in the moonlight, flew before them, coasting along the wave-line.

No one of them said a word; they tore along side by side, Norden a trifle in advance. In front of them, head turned seawards, bounded Erricson in great flying leaps, singing as he ran, impossible to overtake. Then, what they witnessed all three witnessed; the weird grandeur of it in the moonshine was too splendid to allow the smaller emotions of personal alarm, it seems. At any rate, the divergence of opinion afterwards was unaccountably insignificant. For, on a sudden, that dreadful roaring sound far out at sea came close in with a swift plunge of speed, followed simultaneously—accompanied, rather—by a dark line that was no mere wave moving enormously, up and across, between the sea and sky. The

moonlight caught it for a second as it passed in a cliff of her bright silver. And Erricson slowed down, bowed his great head and shoulders, spread his arms out and . . .

And what? For no one of those amazed witnesses could swear exactly what then came to pass. Upon this impossibility of telling it in language they all three agreed. Only those eyeless dunes of sand that watched, only the white and silent moon overhead, only that long, curved beach of empty and deserted shore retain the complete record, to be revealed some day perhaps when a later Science shall have learned to develop the photographs that Nature takes incessantly upon her secret plates. For Erricson's rough suit of tweed went out in ribbons across the air; his figure somehow turned dark like strips of tide-sucked seaweed; something enveloped and overcame him, half shrouding him from view. He stood for one instant upright, his hair wild in the moonshine, towering with arms again outstretched; then bent forward, turned, drew out most curiously sideways, uttering the singing sound of tumbling waters. The next instant, curving over like a falling wave, he swept along the glistening surface of the sands—and was gone. In fluid form, wave-like, his being slipped away into the being of the Sea. Signs of violent tumult convulsed

the surface of the tide near in, but at once, and with amazing speed, passed careering away into deep water—far out. To his singular death, as to a wedding, he had gone singing and well content.

"May God, who holds the sea and all its powers in the hollow of His mighty hand, take them *both* into Himself!" Norden was on his knees, praying fervently.

The body was never recovered . . . and the most curious thing of all was that the interior of the cabin, where they found Sinbad shaking with terror when they at length returned, was splashed and sprayed, almost soaked, with salt water. Up into the bigger dunes beside the bungalow, and far beyond the reach of normal tides, lay, too, a great streak and furrow as of a large invading wave caking the dry sand. A hundred tufts of the coarse grass tussocks had been torn away.

The high tide that night, drawn by the Easter moon at the full, of course, was known to have been exceptional, for it fairly flooded Poole Harbour, flushing all the coves and bays towards the mouth of the Frome. And the natives up at Arne Bay and Wych always declare that the noise of the sea was heard far inland even up to the nine Barrows of the Purbeck Hills—triumphantly singing.

THE WATERWAYS OF HOLLAND.



"THE WRINKLED IMAGE OF THE CITY."

TO maintain their national independence, to assert their commercial supremacy, to resist the encroachment of foreign Powers, the men of Holland have endured many wars and achieved great triumphs. The days of these stubborn strifes have gone, for Holland no longer has any pre-eminent greatness to defend, no greedy assaults to repel. From centuries of strenuous effort she has drifted into a quietly prosperous peace, her people well content with the little which they never lack, and bearing with them a dignity and air of simple well-being which are the tokens of their ancestry. Yet, unconcerned as they may be with wars and rumours of wars in the world of men, they are still called to the daily exercise of the high courage of their race, for they have ever at their gates a foe never weary of attack, and they know well that the least relaxation of wariness will bring destruction. The peril of the sea at all seasons is a thing which no nation knows as Holland knows it. These men hold their land and bring it to rich cultivation in the face of the great natural forces of the world. Their country lies below sea-level, and is preserved from ruin by great embankments thrown up round the coast and a vast system of canals which make a veritable network of the land.

Herein lies the secret of the Dutchman's greatness of character. He has had no opportunity of becoming enfeebled by security. The unceasing conflict with the sea has become knit up into the very fibres of the national spirit, and has given to it a strain of silent self-reliance that could have been born of no other cause. Silent—for this warfare is not as the warfare of man with man, accompanied by the clash of arms and blare of trumpets—it is carried on from year to year in grim quietness against an enemy that may be repulsed but that can never be destroyed. It was by no mere chance that the country's hero was William the Silent.

The Dutch landscape reflects the national character in a singularly vivid manner. Narrow roads set with small red bricks, trimly ordered gardens, the little carts drawn by dogs, the cottages with their little rows of burnished copper and brass pans and bowls set outside to sweeten in the sun, the poles erected to attract the storks at nesting-time, the miniature windmills for domestic uses, the people themselves in their bright blouses and aprons and white sabots, the scrupulous tidiness that prevails everywhere, all combine to make up the impression of a toy country where everything is well ordered and mellow. Nowhere is the traveller brought up in sudden



THE MILL AT SUNSET.



P. Lewis.

THE SHELTER OF A PETTICOAT.

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and breathless wonder before any gorgeous spectacle, nowhere awed by any sense of feverish activity. Desolation and grandeur are alike absent. A beggar is hardly ever seen, a ruin never. The absence of these and of all pomp of riches makes one forgetful of the inequality of things. And then in the midst of all this pretty unconcern is the everlasting symbol of the Dutchman's strength—the sails.

There is nothing small about these. They are liberal and workmanlike, full of dignity. Greedy for every breath of wind, they bear the heavily laden barges, beautiful from water-line to masthead, down the great canals from sea to sea. They move with a measured dignity which deepens the sense of calm which is over the whole landscape, and adds to it strength and nobility of character. Everything that the Hollander does under the spell of the waters is informed by a large and generous spirit of power and fitness. If he has to build a house, he attempts to achieve beauty, and becomes ornate and wholly undistinguished; but when he turns his hand to the great windmills which girt the sides of his canals, he works by instinct rather than by design, and shows himself to be possessed of a feeling for proportion and line which is impeccable.

It is this innate suggestion of beauty and rightness in the canal life of the country that gives to the wonderful calm of the landscape its crowning glory. Flat pastures sweep out on all sides to a flat horizon where lines and colours stand out with singular clearness and brilliance. Sleek black and white cattle are confined to their rightful meadows by smaller canals which serve as hedges, for the people have put their mastery over the water to practical uses at every turn. We are shaded by tall trees that are set along either side of the road, and we know that we are in a land of peace, where hurry and clamour would be unseemly. And yet in all this benign quietude there is nothing lethargic, for always with us are the great canals with their procession of life, quiet and slow, but resolute and unyielding. For variety and richness our English landscape is unapproachable, yet in this thing a contrast is not uninteresting. As we go through our highways and lanes and woodlands we

shall find all the beauty and majesty of peace, but the one thing that we shall often miss is movement and life which is wholly in tune with the surroundings and is, so to speak, essential to the life of the nation as a whole. Trains may be this last, but they destroy the calm instead of emphasising it. Motor-cars are both discordant and inessential. Even the pleasure-boats on a river lend a suggestion of artificiality. A team on the ploughlands, a shepherd folding his sheep, a field of hay-makers or reapers, only in these do we find the life that is in exact accord with the scene, and these we can only find at intervals. In Holland, on the other hand, in places the most remote from cities and the sound of markets and commerce, we find always the feeling of seclusion and restfulness heightened and touched to a sense of vitality by the canals and their full-sailed barges which form an integral part of the country's daily life.

These canals triumphantly redeem the physical characteristics of the country from the charge of dulness. Holland in its general features is undeniably quaint, but quaintness has a charm which is not enduring. After a while we begin to tire of the squareness and orderliness, and to look upon what appeared to be individuality at first as eccentricity. We grow a little uncomfortable in the land of Lilliput, and fret for change and some patch of wildness. But of the canals we never weary, for in them we see the expression of a nation's character moulded through centuries of stirring and honourable history. We remember the Dutch proverb, "God made the sea, we made the shore," and we feel that these waterways are



UNDER EVERY STITCH.

not only beautiful and charged with colour and atmosphere, but symbolical of a people's greatness.

The Dutch painters, through whom the national genius has found its most forcible and enduring expression, have realised very completely this strange blend of calm and strength. To look at one of their portrait groups of, say, a body of hospital governors, is to understand at once that these men conducted their business thoroughly and well, but scornful of undignified haste, and for untroubled repose Van der Meer's picture of Delft in the gallery at The Hague could not well be

surpassed. In the great Dutch paintings we do not find the tranquillity of the open places and luxuriant haunts of Nature, but the deep calm of strong life, sober and not highly imaginative, but entirely satisfying in its degree.

The rise and fall of nations is a phenomenon still unaccounted for and constantly recurring. We know that Rome step by step rose to a splendour the story of which is immortal, but we cannot grasp the secret of this splendour's decay or of the decline of the other great civilisations of the world. We can but accept the fact, and wonder at the ruined and yet noble

monuments of their greatness that still stand as at once a memory and an inspiration. When the time comes that the peoples of Western Europe have also passed into the shadow of dead glories, we too shall leave something of our works to bear witness to a greatness that has gone. But Holland will be but a recorded history to the new nations of far-off ages. The sea will have prevailed, and the great canals, which are as truly the essential expression of a resolute and heroic people as are the palaces of Venice or the Acropolis of the Greeks, will have perished and will bear no testimony.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

BLACK-HEADED GULLS AND FISHERIES.

THESE gulls, which are nowadays so familiar to the passer-by on London Bridge and along the Thames Embankment, are undoubtedly far more numerous than they used to be. For the last ten or fifteen years they have been a source of much anxiety and discussion with Conservators of Fisheries as well as among private anglers. One school of observer declares that these birds are not truly fish-eating creatures like the terns, cormorants, divers, kingfishers and others, and that they do little, if any, damage to fisheries. Others contend vehemently that they destroy fish in large quantities. Ten or twelve years ago an angler on a Scottish river testified that in the course of a good many years he had never known a black-headed gull to take a fish, and affirmed his strong belief that many observers who thought they had seen these birds engaged in that occupation had in reality been watching terns, which, of course, are fish-eaters born and bred. A strong point in favour of these gulls is that they are not divers like the terns, mergansers, cormorants and other birds, and, therefore, can only take fish occasionally when they are near the surface or in shallow water. On the other hand, this gull is, like others of its race, an excellent friend to the farmer, frequenting the ploughs assiduously, and devouring immense quantities of slugs and worms, as well as the larvae of crane-flies (daddy-long-legs, *Tipula oleracea*) and other insects destructive to vegetation. Against this friendly testimony may be set off the cry of the Irish trout-fisher, who declares plaintively that to the voracity of the black-headed gull is largely to be attributed the disappearance of the May-fly on many waters. Only last year, for instance, the hon. secretary of the Westmeath Lakes Fish Preservation Society stated in his report that these gulls had become an intolerable nuisance to the May-fly, and that to their presence was attributable the melancholy fact that on Lough Owel, for instance, not one fly was rising for the hundred that appeared in former years.

EVIDENCES OF FISH-EATING HABITS.

That the black-headed gull will readily devour fish when it can get hold of them is, I think, a fact indisputable. Like most other gulls, these are omnivorous feeders, and will readily eat fish, flesh, insects and their larvae, as well as vegetables, porridge, bread and other articles of food. I have seen one of these gulls cut open, its stomach containing a number of small fish, among which were certainly minnows. Others have observed the same fact. One of these birds, kept in captivity for some years, would partake of many kinds of food; yet his chief and best-loved dainty consisted of fresh sprats, five or six of which he would dispose of at a meal. Another of these birds, kept in an aviary, has been seen to take gold-fish from a fountain, and swallow greedily six-inch sparlings. These and other evidences point, I think, sufficiently to the conclusion that the black-headed gull will, whenever it has the chance, avail itself of a fish dietary, and that smelts and the young of other game-fish must and do at times fall victims to its appetite, which is undoubtedly a keen one. Three years ago the Eden Conservators came to this conclusion, and reported to the County Council in favour of a relaxation of the protection afforded to this species. Even where a regular campaign is organised against these prolific birds, it is a difficult matter to keep down their numbers. The Westmeath Lakes Society, mentioned above, have waged war against them for some time past; yet, though in a single season they destroyed as many as six thousand two hundred and fifty-four eggs and young, as well as large numbers of old birds, their report stated last year that "there still seems to be no apparent diminution in their numbers."

COLONIES OF BLACK-HEADED GULLS.

In spite of the moderate amount of persecution which they have to submit to, these gulls are still extraordinarily abundant in these islands. In the South of England gulleries of these birds are to be found near Poole in Dorset, on Romney Marsh and on the coast of Essex in more than one place. There are several colonies in Norfolk, others in Lincolnshire, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, the Lake District and Northumberland. In Wales there are various breeding settlements, and in Scotland and Ireland they are numerous. A visit to one of these colonies in spring or summer is a real pleasure to the lover of bird-life, and I have always vivid recollections of these birds in one of their well-known breeding haunts in the Norfolk Broad country. The gulleries at Norbury and Aqualate Mere in Staffordshire are extremely

ancient, and have been known for centuries. Dr. Plott, who published a history of that county more than a hundred years ago, has some interesting information concerning their habits and the methods of capturing them. In the old days the young were accounted good eating, and were systematically destroyed for food. They were taken by driving them into nets before they could fly. As many as fifty dozen were captured alive at a drive, and five shillings per dozen seems to have been the usual price for them. These young birds were kept alive and fattened on offal. Three drives were made in the season, and a profit of fifty or sixty pounds—a considerable sum for those days—was annually made. In other gull colonies the eggs of these birds have been taken and sold as human food for centuries past. Fifty years ago as many as sixteen thousand eggs were collected in a single spring season at Scoulton Gullery in Norfolk. When one reflects that this sort of thing went on during the old days in all parts of the kingdom where these colonies existed, it is evident that black-headed gulls have, in spite of much persecution, always managed easily to maintain their place in the scheme of existence. They are, in fact, so hardy and so prolific a race that a little thinning here and there makes no great impression on their numbers.

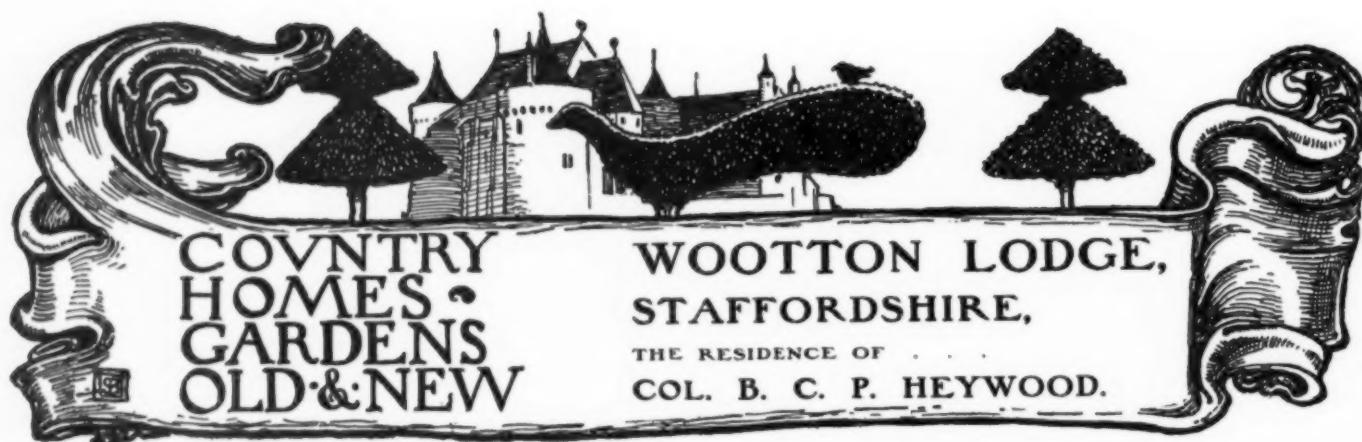
THE EUROPEAN CUCKOO IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Most bird-lovers who have studied the habits of our common cuckoo (*Cuculus canorus*) are aware that during the winter season it betakes itself southward to Africa, and as far eastward as Ceylon and even Celebes. It occurs as far south as South Africa, but its appearances there are not common, and as a breeding species it does not seem to have been identified below North Africa. I heard quite recently of a specimen of our British cuckoo being captured during the last year or two in Pondoland, Cape Colony. Pondoland is a native Kaffrarian territory, whose southern coast-line is washed by the Indian Ocean. This occurrence of the European cuckoo, communicated to me by Major Horsbrugh, A.S.C., is distinctly the furthest south of which I have any record for South Africa.

OTHER CUCKOOS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Although our British cuckoo is, as I say, a scarce bird in South Africa, its place is well filled by some of the most beautiful representatives of this family. Of these, perhaps the most charming is the wonderful "golden cuckoo" notable for its shining emerald green plumage, shot with a golden or cupreous gloss, with bright yellow—sometimes whitish—under parts. Klaas's cuckoo, known to the Dutch colonists as mietje, is another lovely creature, also showing resplendent green plumage with a coppery tint, spotless white under parts and a white streak over the eye. These lovely cuckoos are found in the wooded parts of Cape Colony, especially in the grand forest regions of the Knysna and other timbered parts of the coast-line—regions still almost unknown to the English tourist. Another very beautiful little bird is the Didric, having copperish green upper plumage, mottled with white, a white stripe down the middle of the head and over each eye, and white under parts, barred on the flanks and sides with cupreous green. Besides these there are the Nieuwejaarsvogel (New Year's bird) of the Cape Dutch, sometimes known as the Edolio cuckoo, a very dark bird with greenish reflections and a tufted head; the Noisy cuckoo (*Cuculus clamosus*); the Lineated cuckoo (*C. gularis*), the "Pietmynvrouw" (*C. solitarius*) and others. The Lineated cuckoo bears a strong resemblance to our European bird, and has, I believe, been often mistaken for that bird in South Africa. It may be distinguished without much difficulty by the yellowish base of the upper mandible, whereas in our bird the whole of the upper mandible is dark horn colour, save for the very thin yellow margin below each nostril. Further up country one encounters the great Senegal spur-heeled cuckoo, a rather crow-like bird with dark brown upper colouring, a blackish head and chestnut wings, creamy breast and under parts and a huge tail. I first saw this curious bird about the enormous reed-beds of the Botletli River, in the Lake Ngami country. It has a feeble, cumbrous flight and flutters heavily from one part of the dense reed-beds to another, existing largely on grasshoppers, locusts and other insects. I am afraid my reference to the European cuckoo in South Africa has led me to wander rather further afield among these interesting birds than I had intended. The subject is a fascinating one, however, and South Africa is peculiarly favoured in possessing so many species of this group of birds.

H. A. BRYDEN.



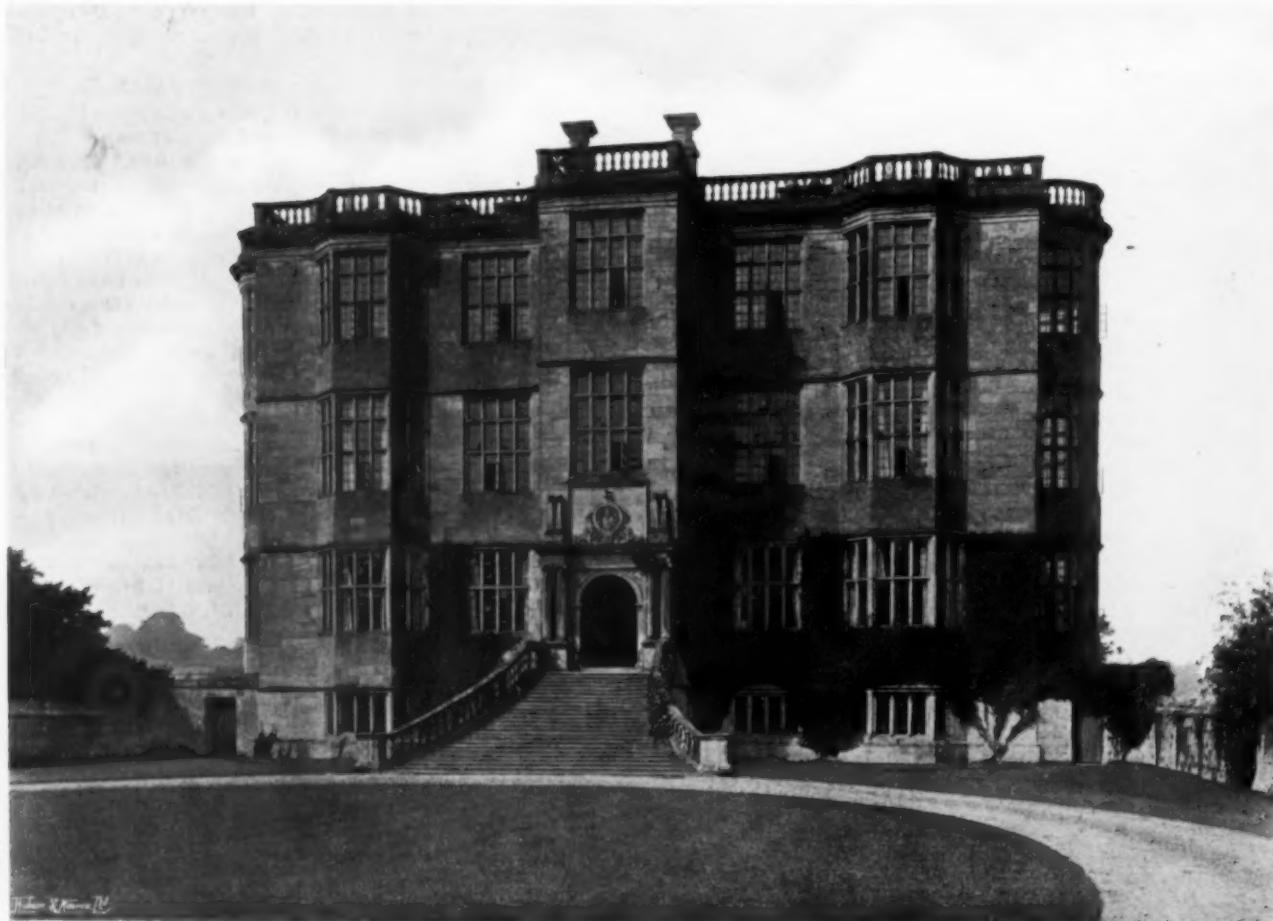
WOOTTON LODGE is the home of the unexpected. Wootton is but a section of the Staffordshire parish of Ellastone, of which Calwich Abbey and Wootton Hall have been for long the great houses and estates. It is something of a surprise, therefore, to find so important a place and so dignified and ancient a building as the Lodge holding merely the third position. Its elevations have close kinship with neighbouring houses built in the years which preceded and followed 1600, yet when we cross the threshold it is the style and features of 1700 that meet the eye. A drive rapidly inclining downwards shows the house below, occupying, as at first sight it appears, the bottom of a cup-like formation at the foot of the Weaver Hills. We have to get to the other side of the house before we realise that its site is the flat top of a mighty rock that soars aloft from a woody and watery dingle. This peculiarity of its position is the most noteworthy of its remarkable features, and therefore geography shall take precedence over architecture and history. Ellastone lies on the north bank of the Dove, long after that river has ended its furious southerly course down the rocky fastnesses of its Dale and has turned westward to flow peacefully through an ample stretch of rich meadows. But the wild moorland of its early course sends out many an outpost towards its northern bank, and there is a constant and rapid rise from the river's edge, where the Black Canons of Calwich once dwelt, to the

tree-covered hills where some adventurous Ellastoniens must have formed their "wood town" settlement to the amazement of their river-bank brethren, whose ill-opinion of the rough country at their backs still prevailed when Camden, the Elizabethan antiquary, visited it. He tells us that it is "a small country verily, so hard, so comfortlesse, bare and cold, that it keepeth snow lying upon it a long while: in so much as that of a little country village named Wotton lying here under Woverhill the neighbor inhabitants have this rime rise in their mouth, as if God, forsooth, had never visited that place.

Wotton under Wever
Where God came never."

Yet it was in Camden's time or soon after that the owner of Calwich, with its fertile environment and easy access, went right past Wootton hamlet to set a new house upon a crag of what was then wild moorland, although it was long ago transformed into a well-timbered park.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the most part, if not the whole, of the parish of Ellastone, which then included Calwich and Wootton among its townships, belonged to the Fleetwoods, but it had come to them at different times and from different owners. The Fleetwoods were Lancashire folk, and appear as burgesses of Preston in the fourteenth century. At the beginning of the Tudor era we find a William Fleetwood seated at Hesketh, near Preston, and father of two sons capable of making their



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THE EAST OR ENTRANCE ELEVATION.

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SOUTH-EAST.

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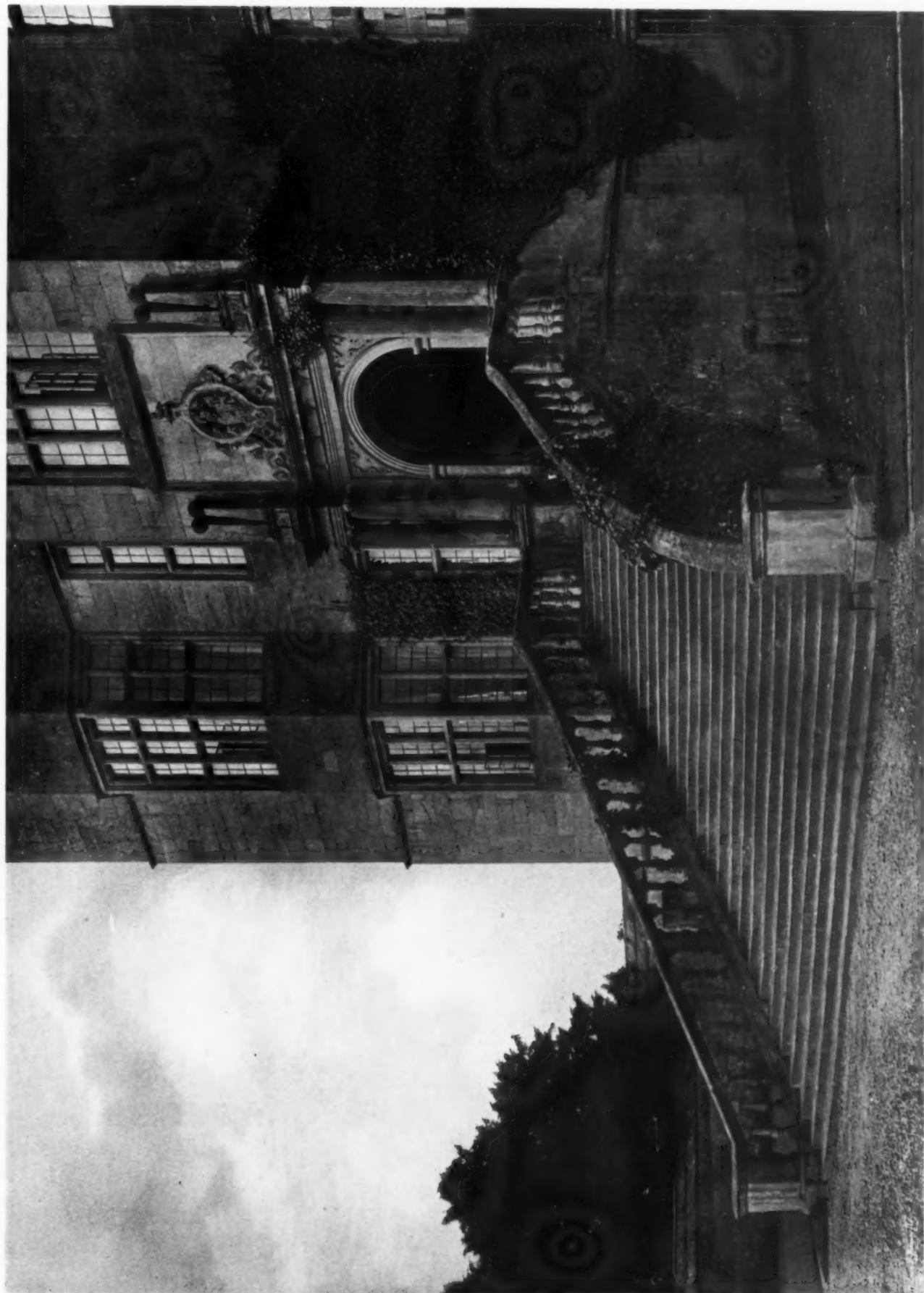
THE HOUSE AND HIGH GARDEN FROM THE WESTERN HILL GROUND.



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HANGING GARDENS TO THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE PALLADIAN STAIRWAY AND THE JACOBEAN PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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way in the world. Thomas, the younger, married a London heiress and founded a family in the South of England, whence sprang George Fleetwood, the regicide and son-in-law of Cromwell. John, the elder, inherited the Lancashire property, but had plenty of ready cash to add to it a great Staffordshire estate. Shortly before the death of Henry VIII. he obtained a grant from the Crown of the lands of the dispossessed Canons of Calwich. As in the second year of the reign of Edward VI. he was Sheriff of Staffordshire, he must have made the monastic buildings into one of his residences. He, then, it would be of whom it was afterwards reported to Erdeswick, the seventeenth century historian of Staffordshire, that he had "made a parlour of the chancel, a hall of the church, and a kitchen of the steeple." Having thus established a foothold in Ellastone parish, he was ready to absorb its other manors as occasion arose. The Wootton Manor had been changing hands more than once about the time of his obtaining Calwich, and was then owned by William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burghley, who parted with it to the wealthy Prestonian for three hundred and twenty pounds. That was at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and a few years later Nicholas Longford, owner of the head manor of Ellastone, was likewise prepared to be a seller. The estate which John Fleetwood had thus built up passed to his son Thomas, who lived uneventfully till 1603. Richard, his heir, was a man of more energy, for which the troublous times he

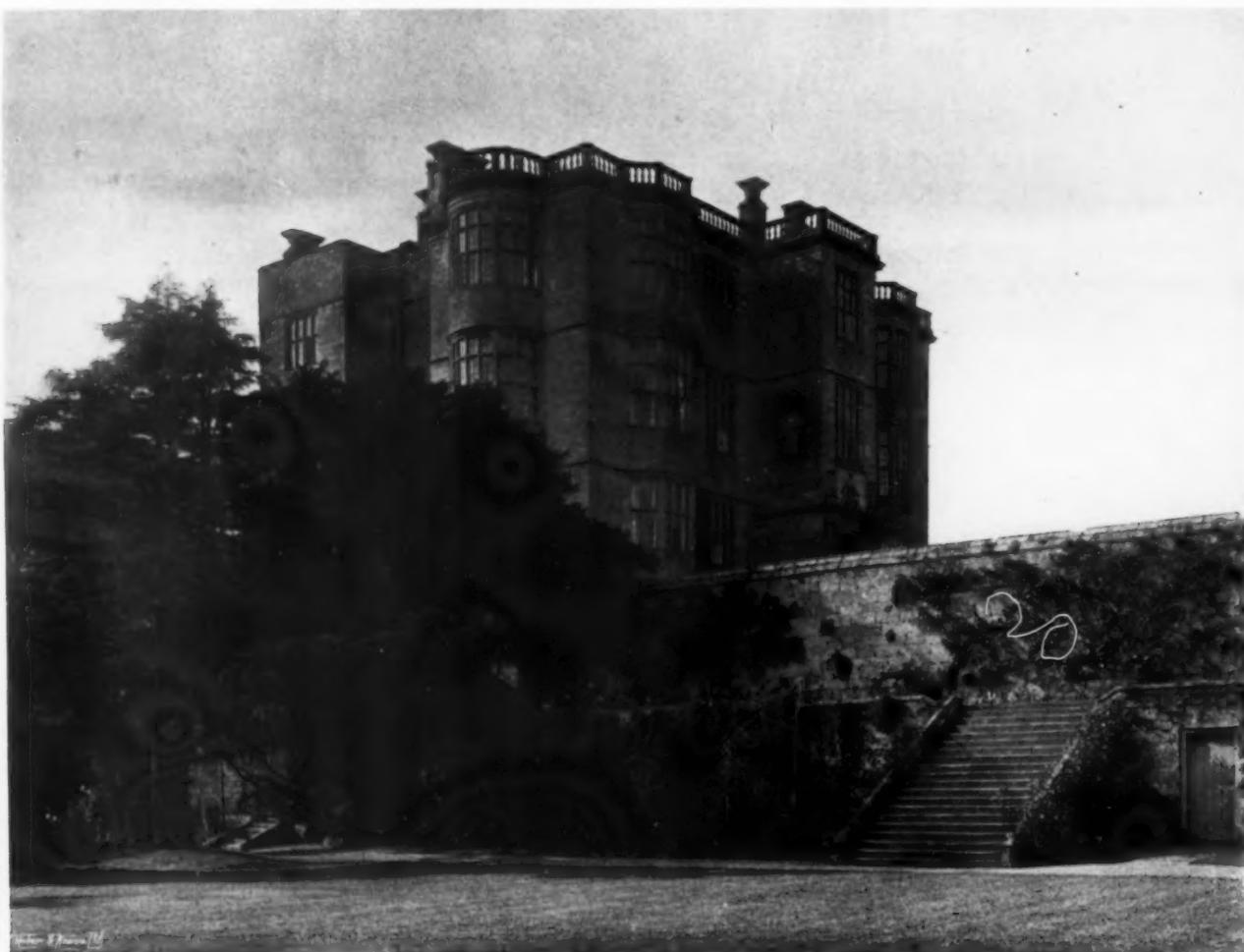


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THE NORTH-EAST ANGLE

"COUNTRY LIFE."

lived in gave scope, and it is during his period of ownership that Wootton Lodge makes its one and only appearance on the page of history. That was in 1643, and it is described as a house of strength to resist an armed attack. But of how and when it came to be a house at all, no word is said. The shield on the porch, with its rich mantling fitting into the circle of a great strapwork device, bears the arms of Fleetwood and of Langton, quarterly. John Fleetwood had married Jane, the co-heir of Thomas Langton, and therefore the charge on the shield serves equally for his son or grandson. But as the red hand of Ulster is sculptured in its centre, it must date from after



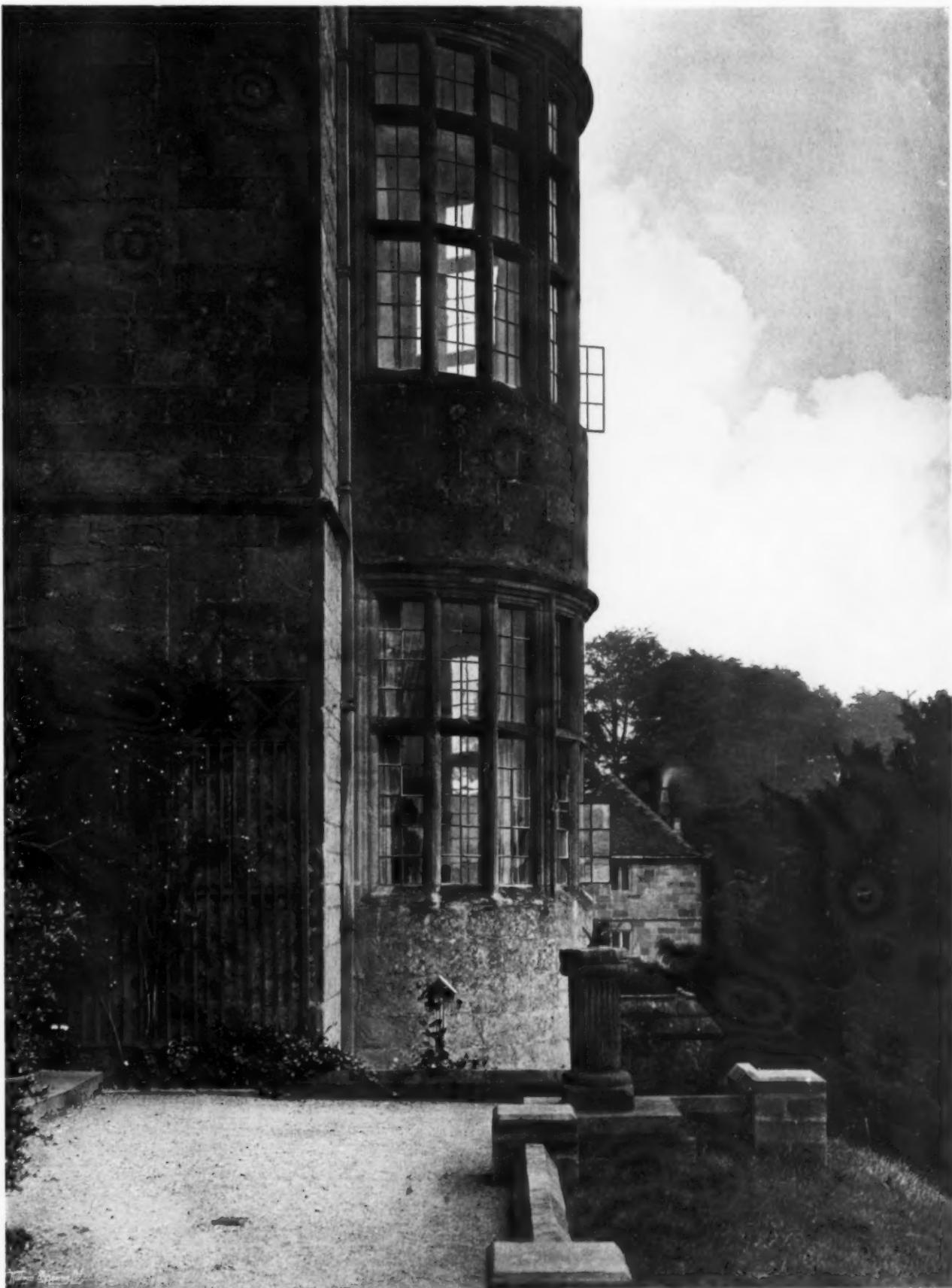
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BY THE EVENING LIGHT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

1611, when Richard Fleetwood obtained a baronetcy. There is every appearance that the shield and its environment are all of a piece with the rest of the porch and not a subsequent addition or alteration; and therefore the tradition that Sir Richard Fleetwood, and not his father, built the house is

detail to several houses in the same part of England built towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. Wootton is close to the Derbyshire border, and in that county lie Hardwick and Barlborough. If we compare the Lodge with them we shall be apt to surmise, not so much that it was designed by the same hand



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THE SOUTH TERRACE AND SEMI-CIRCULAR BAY.

COUNTRY LIFE."

probably correct. But the further tradition that Inigo Jones furnished the design may certainly be set aside. What there is of Palladian character about the house must date from long after Inigo Jones's death, while the original structure, though it may date from 1611 or after, is very similar in mass and in

as one or other of these, as that its builder knew both and from both derived his inspiration. Mr. Sergeant Rodes was good enough to put a date as well as his arms over the Barlborough porch, and so we know it to belong to the year 1584, while Bess of Hardwick began her last great architectural undertaking



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STAIRWAY OF THE TERRACED GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



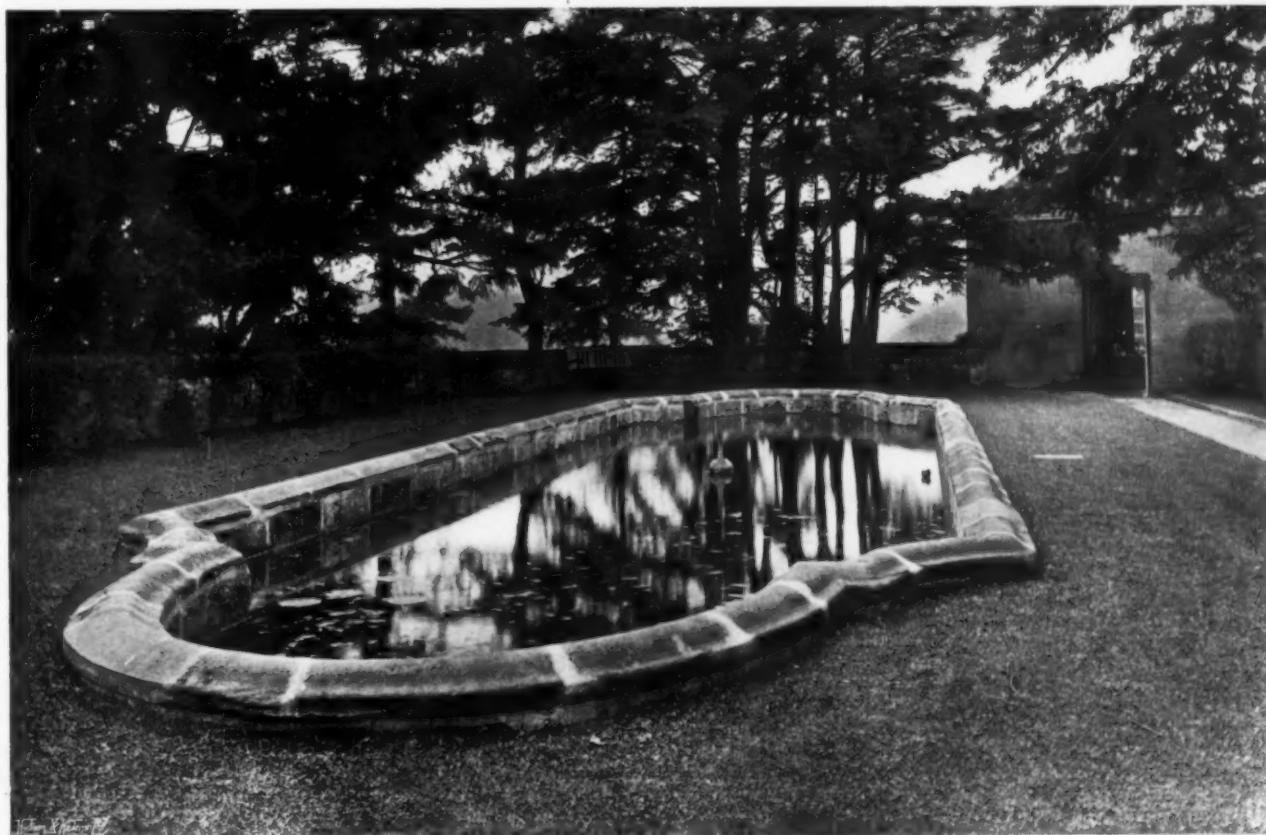
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THE PARTERRE AND STABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

some half-dozen years later. There was, however, no rapid change of style after that date, such as would make it difficult to suppose that Wootton was built as late as 1611. It presents somewhat the same scheme of front as Barlborough, but the window spaces are rather larger and their mullioning lighter, as in the case of Hardwick. In both those houses a much-broken sky-line was striven after, the main building being two storeys high and small sections only towering up above it. That was a scheme much in vogue with Elizabethan builders where a flat roof was adopted, as witness Wollaton and Heath Old Hall to mention only two other examples; but it was not so much practised under her successor. Its abandonment at Wootton in favour of a complete third storey rather points to its later date. Yet it does not follow that the original sky line was absolutely unbroken. The balustraded parapet has all the look of a Palladian renovation, and obelisks and strapwork devices may have originally given variety to the roof as well as to the porch. Still, placed in so strangely romantic a spot and forming part of a composition of great picturesqueness, such an outline as Barlborough or Heath Old Hall offers would have increased the very great charm that Wootton possesses. Its great height and absence of all flanking buildings except those that form the forecourt corners appear a little unreasonable as the house is

accordingly. Near to Wootton is the little Derbyshire town of Ashbourne. There the Royalist gentry of the neighbourhood foregathered and exchanged views and seem to have taken a somewhat mediaeval view of the situation. We almost think ourselves back in the reign of Stephen when we find Sir Richard Fleetwood described as "one of Colonell Hastings Fraternity of Robbers" and treating Wootton as his den. It does not appear whether he was one of the swashbuckling Cavaliers who maltreated poor Mr. Hierom, an Ashbourne divine whose puritanical doctrine and austere carriage were distasteful to them. They broke into his house and dragged him from his bed to tell him "Gentlemen cannot drink the King's health, but you must reprove them for it." They shut him up, and Sir Francis Wortley tried to force him to call the Parliament "a nest of dissemblers," and when he did let him go retained his horse and saddle. This incident sheds some light upon the means whereby the Cavalier stables were being filled at this moment, those of Wootton Lodge for instance, where we are told that Sir Richard Fleetwood "increased very strong, both in horse and foot, and did great hurt in plundering the traffique betwixt Lancashire, Cheshire and Derby, by robbing and stopping of carriers, which went weekly from Manchester to London." The matter grew so serious that it required the attention of Sir John Gell, the chief of the Parliamentarian leaders in those parts. From



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POND GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

approached down the descending drive and is seen to rise from the broad level of the forecourt. But not merely the reasonableness but the necessity of its form is understood when the site is more closely surveyed, or even studied, in the accompanying rough sketch plan. The plateau on which it stands is wedge-shaped. It is wide and fairly on a level with the adjacent land at the outer or eastern limit of the forecourt. But it narrows rapidly, so that the house occupies its full width and the north and south façades are on the very edge of steep banks, while what remains of the level ground to the westward runs out to a sharp point and has precipitous sides with great ledges of red sandstone rock standing forth in mid-air where intervening strata of conglomerate have worn away. Thus the front of the house is easy of access. The low breast wall that now bounds the eastern side of the forecourt is no obstacle to entry. All seems invitingly open to every comer. But if, instead of passing through the gates, we circle round the house, we find it towering above us, and we recognise that its site gives to it the defensive aspect and characteristics of a fortress. Nature protects it on three sides, and only on the fourth were artificial means necessary to make it a place of strength. And such means must have been adopted by the original builder, for when the clash of arms came between the King and his Parliament, Sir Richard Fleetwood looked upon his lodge as a castle and acted

his headquarters at Derby, in July, 1643, he sent out Captain Meller with three hundred men and two guns against Wootton Lodge, "where being come they presently fired their ordnance upon the House to give Sir Richard notice of their arrival." This somewhat drastic prefatory announcement was soon followed by determined action. "The ordnance played hard and made some battery, but for the time did little hurt. Then they called a Council of War, who resolved to approach nearer to the house, and either to assault it or undermine it, which some of the Souldiers presently put in execution, for they went down and fired a barn neare unto it; then Captain Meller's Lieutenant went down with one or two hundred of his men with spades and pickaxes and took the Brew house, set the Gate of the Porters Lodge on fire, and entered the Courtyard." We are not surprised that, once they had captured this outwork, the house was immediately yielded up. Indeed, the only wonder is that there should have been any attempt to hold against ordnance and three hundred soldiers a habitation which resembles Hardwick in being "More glass than wall." The garrison consisted of between seventy and eighty men, including Sir Richard and his two sons, whom the captors "tied together with ropes and so brought them all into Derbie." This was the end of Sir Richard's public career. Six years later he died. The point of interest to us, who want to differentiate between



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THE FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the early and later Renaissance work which make up the sum total of the features of Wootton Lodge and have to do this without definite records, is the condition in which this siege and battery left the place. The contemporary narrative quoted does not imply a general ruination, but only the burning and destruction of the defensive forecourt buildings, and such amount of damage to the house as the "playing" of the ordnance must have effected, followed by the rough usage of a victorious occupation and looting. Moreover, as Lady Fleetwood, when she died a year after her husband, is described as "of Wootton," it may be inferred that the Lodge remained habitable as a dower house for the widow, while Sir Thomas, the son, occupied the chief and original Staffordshire seat of Calwich. Yet Wootton is described in his lifetime as "the inheritance of Sir Thomas Fleetwood, Bart., whose father erected a pretty stone house there, and had a park: the house was demolished in the late wars." As the walls and main external features of the original building are there and show an admirable state of preservation, we must set down the word "demolished" as a very decided exaggeration. But we may well suppose that Sir Thomas, having Calwich to live in, left the battered Lodge derelict and that it was not again inhabited until it had changed owners. Sir Thomas was succeeded by his son Richard as third baronet. The title devolved on his death on his nephew, who reverted to the original family county of Lancashire, and the Staffordshire estate was sold piecemeal. Granvilles became seated at Calwich, while Davenports, buying the Ellastone and Wootton manors, erected Wootton Hall. The Wootton Lodge property, however, went to a third purchaser. "At the end of the seventeenth century" is the somewhat vague date given in the preface to a published volume of the Ellastone Parish Register as that when the Lodge "was sold by the Fleetwoods to John Wheeler of

Stourbridge, co. Worcester." No doubt he was a moneyed man ready to spend what was needed to make the wrecked house fit for habitation according to the mode of his day, and we may well put down to him the partial Palladianising of the place. That he approached this considerable piece of work in a thrifty spirit and abstained from knocking out the mullions and setting in the fashionable sashes is merciful indeed. To all appearance he limited his exterior changes to a re-arrangement and re-edification of the forecourt and its balustraded parapet on the roof and to a new stairway, protected by the same balustrade, up to the porch. But inside his renovation was thorough, and there is nothing left to remind us of the dark day when poor Sir Richard was tied with ropes and dragged away from the house he had built so well and deemed so strong. Even some re-arrangement of the rooms must have taken place, for the square entrance hall, with a sitting-room on each side and an opening at the back into a staircase hall, is quite a post-Restoration disposition. The finest room in the house is the dining-room, which occupies the north end of the east front. It is thirty-six feet long, without counting the great semi-circular northern bay. It is nobly wainscoted in oak in the large panel style of William III., and is very suitably furnished. A carved oak Court cupboard is of the period of the exterior rather than of the interior of the house, but the Charles II. and Queen Anne chairs are in perfect keeping. The room with the southern circular bay is smaller. It is wainscoted in the same manner. But the oak lay under coats of paint and the panels were split, so that for the present the whole has been painted white except the panels which have been temporarily papered to imitate silk damask. The general get-up is too genuine to make the use of such imitations desirable, nor was this a position usually occupied by real damask in the days of William



ASCENT FROM THE PARTERRE TO THE SOUTH TERRACE.

and of Anne. It is therefore gratifying to know that this is merely a temporary expedient pending more thorough treatment. Even now it is a charming drawing-room, into which morning, midday and even some afternoon sun pours, and with a delightful outlook into the hanging gardens to the south. The staircase is of the type which prevailed at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The balusters are twisted up to the first floor, but plain above that level, while the hand-rail is rather curiously curved on the landing. The first floor must have originally been designed for the chief apartments. Above and below the rooms are about twelve feet high; here they are loftier by some four feet. They have little decoration, but are fitted with the same panelling as the downstair rooms. There are several very excellent carved wood mantel-pieces of the Queen Anne type, and all the rooms are most inviting and pleasant.

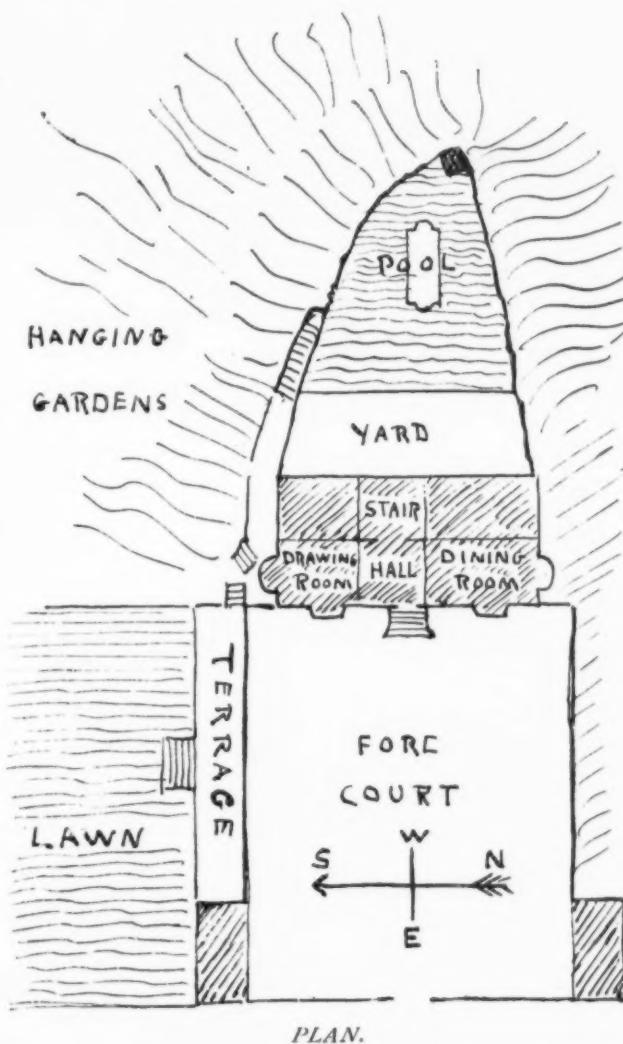
If the Palladian renovator left the exterior of the house as much as possible as he found it, he dealt freely with the gardens in the style of the day, and with delightful results. The ground did not admit of the vast terraces, the large, flat parterres, the long, straight alleys and wide, level vistas that were then fashionable. Nature asserted herself too strongly to be overcome, except in small areas. We have seen that the wedge of ground is wide and has moderate slopes where the forecourt is placed. It was, therefore, behind the south wall of the forecourt that a formal lay-out of some size could be effected. Several pictures show how a parterre of box-edged flower-beds is backed by a high wall, flanked by the stable building, and drops to a level lawn, reached by a broad stairway. Yet the parterre itself is much lower than the house, and is reached down two great flights of steps from the narrow terrace to which a south door gives access, and which hangs above the long and steep slope at the foot of which lies the placid and tree-shaded lake. This bank is arranged into a set of little gardens, some level and some sloping, but all boldly outlined with retaining walls. The grand and liberal manner in which stone is used here adds much character to the place. It is a reddish sandstone that goes grey with the action of time and weather. It is obtainable in large blocks, is easily wrought and is most enduring, so that fine building can be indulged in, and Sir Richard Fleetwood and his successors in ownership certainly availed themselves of their opportunities. Even the edgings of the garden paths seem conscious that they must keep up the reputation of the place and carry the dominant material into the humblest corners of the garden.

We began by saying that Wootton is the home of the unexpected, and even when we have gone through the house, circled round the gardens, strolled by the water-side, and sat under the overhanging rocks, there is still a surprise in store. We are led up a steep little stairway set on the south face of the rock on to the fragment of plateau that terminates the wedge. It was a most curious spot for a gardener of the formal school to choose for his supreme effort, and it is, therefore, one of the most original little bits of gardening in England. Beyond the sunk backyard of the house the high-perched remnant of ground was made perfectly flat, had a parapet wall set round it, and in the middle of a plot of emerald sward a pool of perfectly proportioned shape, generously coped with the warm-toned sandstone, is made to reflect in its waters the surrounding yew trees. On a hot summer day the charmingly modelled leaden duck in the centre pleases the eye and ear by spouting forth a little jet that falls with merry sound on to the surface of the water, which it rings with tiny wavelets. The

whole of this is original. The coping was reset and necessary repairs were effected in 1908. But the work was done in the right way and with admirable results. The extreme point of the wedge is occupied by a garden-house, also original. It is quite a classical little building, with a doorway from the plat, windows overlooking the precipice and a corner mantel-piece. But complete formality could not be; the contours of its rock base dictated its shape, which is quite excentrically rhomboidal. How high it stands on its point is shown, as well as photography can represent such a scene, in the picture taken from the high ground beyond the watery hollow and which displays the perch-like position of the house and its little west garden.

This enjoyable home, amusingly conceived, excellently designed, delightfully renovated, still belongs to a descendant of that John Wheeler of Stourbridge to whom we attribute the renovation and sing a song of praise for his manner of doing it. But after a period of neglect it has been let on lease to Colonel

Heywood, who has shown excellent taste in all he has done to give full value to the admirable conjunction of natural beauty and human skill which makes Wootton Lodge one of the gems in England's vast collection of beautiful country homes. T.



It is interesting in this new reign of another George to compare country life now with what it was when the first George landed on our shores some two hundred years ago. An old farmer, who dates from the last George, tells us that even in his lifetime wages have in many cases doubled; how much greater, then, is the difference since the beginning of the Georgian Era. Then the country labourer began work at 5 a.m. and, working until 7.30 p.m., received sixpence a day in summer and fivepence in winter; this, apparently, a head-man, as a thatcher's servant, a wood-cutter, a thresher, a man labourer and a woman reaper (all if over eighteen) received only fourpence a day, except during harvest. Food seems to have been supplied, which probably consisted of (for an adult man) rye bread, oatmeal and "pease," a lump of bacon, half a pound of Dutch cheese, a quarter of a pound of butter and a gallon of beer, representing altogether about sixpence a day. The harvest wages were raised

twopence a day. Now in our gracious King George V.'s reign we mark a difference. An ordinary farm labourer gets twenty shillings a week, house and garden free, and probably a measure of coal and wood. A head-man, twenty-five shillings a week, house and garden, four loads of coal yearly and certain sacks of potatoes and other perquisites. For harvest and hay-making seasons the special hands hired receive five shillings to six shillings a day and all their meals, consisting of hot bacon breakfast, eleven o'clock lunch of bread and cheese and beer, dinner with big joints of meat and pudding, and either tea or supper of cold meat, etc. It is interesting in the North to see the long table laid in the big farmhouse kitchen for its numerous guests, and the fine smell of the cooking feast whets one's appetite. Often in the rafters overhead are seen many curious remains of old antiquity, puncheons, tools, matchlocks and quaint weapons. A fine thing it is, too, to see the race of handsome sinewy men trooping in—certainly the race has not deteriorated.

One curious feature of George I.'s reign was that the immense quantities of beer drunk in England in the preceding reign diminished in favour of gin, which threatened to undermine the well-being of the whole British people. The distilling of gin had been introduced into England in 1604, and the craving for this ardent spirit became so general that excessive drunkenness was the order of the day. Legislation seemed powerless to stay the evil. Up to George II.'s reign over seven million gallons were distilled in England, and in London practically every sixth house was a gin shop, the country following suit in less degree. The farmers

COUNTRY LIFE UNDER THE FIRST GEORGE.

and their subordinates, who had remained hard-working and decent when steadfast to the old national beverage, good British ale, deteriorated sadly on cheap adulterated spirits. Vendors with no duty to pay, and with or without licence, put up notices inviting people to step inside and "get drunk for a penny," or "dead drunk for 2d.," "straw free," an outhouse being provided with the latter commodity, where the drunken wretches were tossed down to recover as they might. Tea, coffee or cocoa were hardly seen then, even on the tables of the rich. So much for drinks.

Rye bread, oatmeal and barley bread formed the staff of life of the people. Even the wealthy in many cases only used a peck of wheat-flour annually. A wheaten pie-crust was considered a delicacy. Even now in Cumberland old people are living who never

saw wheaten bread in their youth. One old woman tells us she was mainly brought up on thick oat-cake "bannock" and "crowdy." She adds, "We never had butcher's meat; we were all among the cows and sheep and lambs, but we never tasted any." Hale and hearty, she is a good specimen of simple life. Now gin is practically unknown in the country, and in the North, at any rate, tea has in great measure superseded beer even. The labourer lives well, his family have their fine wheat bread and butcher's meat in some form or other daily, also tea or cocoa, milk and sugar for all. He has his garden produce, his pig, fowls and often bees; the last, I am told, if well managed and with luck, ought to add one shilling a week to the household purse.

MARTIA.

IWERNE MINSTER.—II.

VERY great agricultural interest is being attached to the experiment that is being carried out at Iwerne Minster by Mr. James Ismay, with the assistance of his able young manager, Mr. Rawlence. It may be described in a sentence as an attempt to run together a large dairy and the production of bacon. The idea is not a new one, as a similar scheme has in various cases been tried with success; but Mr. Ismay is working on a very large scale, and the results will be looked forward to with interest by all who are concerned in the cultivation of land. The theory on which he is working is that it is very difficult, even at the present high price of pig meat, to make any profit out of the keeping of pigs if the foodstuffs have all to be purchased. But, on the other hand, in a dairy devoted to the making of butter and cheese there is a large by-product in the shape of skimmed and churned milk, which can be most advantageously utilised in the piggery. The tendency of butter to rise in price during the last two or three years is an encouragement to this style of farming. The usual practice of the large dairying district in which the estate is situated is to send the milk to the large towns in the neighbourhood, and, as everybody knows, this has much to recommend it. The cash value of the milk is more than that of the butter that can be made from it, and the milk business is a ready-money one. But, on the other hand, there is a good demand for first-rate English butter, and Mr. Ismay is setting a splendid example in his endeavours to meet it. After the thing is in thorough working order and the projected bacon factory is established, it will not be surprising to find a good annual balance on the right side. The wholesale nature of the experiment may be judged from the fact that the land devoted



THE DUTCH BARN.

to it extends altogether to about sixteen hundred acres. The cows used are of the shorthorn breed, which has ever been held in favour by English farmers, for the reason that it yields a very large quantity of milk of more than average quality. The investigations of Mr. Matthews at last year's show of the Royal Agricultural Society went to show that the shorthorn was by far the largest producer. There was also a herd of Guernseys. It is true that a small number of South Devons exceeded this slightly, but that was simply

because of the average results being obtained from only a small number of selected cows. The butter as shown in the dairy at Iwerne was attractive in appearance, its colour being as rich as might be expected in the middle of June; its texture was good and it had the fragrance of pure butter. In all these points we would say that it compares most favourably with the best Danish or any other imported butter. If it were desired, however, to make English butter that would be absolutely better than any in the market, it would be necessary to have only Jerseys in the herd. But the yield of these cows is so much smaller than that of shorthorns as to make them unprofitable. The shorthorn is not only a butter but a general-purpose cow, and the Jersey is simply a butter cow. The economy of keeping shorthorns lies in the fact that they can be fattened up and sold to the butcher when their career in the dairy is closed. Unquestionably, however, the dairy shorthorn has been greatly improved of recent years by the substitution of actual performances for show points in competition for prizes. At Iwerne the herd had to be purchased in the beginning, but preparations are being made for building it up in



THE MILL.

the future. As far as possible cows have been selected from the best milking strains and two excellent pedigree bulls are kept for service. A simple but ingenious method has been employed for preserving the milking records of each cow. This is not done by weight, but by measure, the milk-pail being specially constructed to enable the milker to see at once the quantity produced. Only the best milkers are chosen for breeding from, and, no doubt, in the course of a few years of careful breeding and selection a specially fine herd of dairy shorthorns will be formed. We have no fault to find with it at present, except that it is only the sort of herd that is got together by buying in the open market, where it is generally possible to obtain good, though not always choice, cows. They are accommodated in the houses shown in the first article. In the construction of these attention has not been paid to ostentation in any form, but to comfort, convenience and the saving of labour.

In order to secure the last-mentioned result much use has been made of slopes. Where food has to be fed out of small waggons it is always arranged so that the full wagon has to run down hill and the empty wagon will be dragged up hill, which, of course, makes it very much easier for the cowman. From the notes made while walking through the different boxes and pens it will be seen that this determination to save labour is the inspiring note of the whole building. In the isolation box, of course, it is not so necessary. This is a room used as a hospital. Any animal suffering from disease is placed within it, and, of course, receives special watching and care until it either revives or becomes so hopelessly ill that death is the only cure. Near it are the two bull-boxes, which are roomy and convenient but need no special description. The calving-boxes, on the other hand, have one of those thoughtful little arrangements which show how much care has been devoted to the details of arrangement. Each is fitted with electric light, so that a man can sit up in any of them, a most useful precaution when calving is expected. The cow-byres are well ventilated and well arranged, with a drain to carry off liquid manure running at the side of the gangway. The gutter is extra large, being one foot six inches wide, six inches deep on the standing side and four inches deep on the passage side. A feature is that between each two mangers and beneath the mangers is a water-trough with a swing gate, which can be pushed open by the cows when they want a drink. This is fed by a ball cock, which is placed at the end of that particular range of stalls, and has at each end a screw, which can be taken out in order to flush the trough from one end to the other if required.

A capital plan has been adopted with regard to the feeding. For both cow-byres and pigsties the mixing-floors are at the highest level, so that the full loads can run down hill and the empty trolleys only run up. On the central mixing-floor the chaff-cutting and cake-cutting are performed on a higher floor with wooden shoots, so as to distribute the food wherever required. It is a very modern department. The chaff-cutting and so forth is done by an electrically-driven machine, which can be turned on by the head cowman who has charge of the place. The arrangements of this room make one almost feel that manual labour is being quickly done away with. The manure-pits, into which the yards and byres are drained, are of elongated shape, sloping slightly towards the centre, so as at once to facilitate haulage and to avoid waste. They are placed on each side of the



THE TIMBER-YARD.



SOME OF THE COW-HOUSES.



THE STABLES.



THE DAIRY—FRONT VIEW.

yard so as to serve both the east and west wings of the cow-byre. Joining the west manure-pit is the mangold-house. In the centre of the yard are two large Dutch barns, holding sufficient hay to last the winter through.

The dairies represent the very latest ideas of the kind, and are built with the utmost regard for cleanliness and purity, combined with the avoidance of all labour that can be done without. The milk is brought on to a landing-stage and tipped into a receiver, whence it goes through an opening in the wall first through a Pasteuriser and then into the separator. From the separator the cream is carried over a cooler, and the skim and butter-milk go into a tank and are pumped straight away to the pigs. Great quantities of butter are made, also Devonshire cream and nearly every kind of cheese, including Cheddar, half-skim, whole skim, or double Dorset (blue Vinney), cream cheese and Stilton. The machinery in other parts of the buildings is driven by electricity, but in the dairy steam has been provided, as it is also available for cleaning the utensils and cheese-making. The electric plant, by the way, is conspicuous in the centre of the buildings, and grouped round it are the estate yards, saw-bench shed.



THE DAIRY—BACK VIEW.

wheelwrights' shop, bricklayers' and masons' shops, plumbers' and painters' shops, carpenters' and joiners' shops, and so on. Two 25 h.p. dynamos are required for the electricity, housed in an old tithe barn. All the buildings are lighted by electricity, including the estate buildings, and the saw-bench and the pumps are worked by it.

The supply of water is always a very important point on an estate situated as this one is, and the arrangement is for all rain water to be collected as far as possible in gigantic tanks, the plan adopted being that with which we are familiar in the mud-walled white cottages, where, however, the pit made by excavation is turned into a rain-water tank. There is a reservoir on the estate which contains the supply for domestic purposes, and it can be drawn upon in time of drought; but up to the day on which the writer visited Iwerne there had been such an abundance of rain as to render any call of this kind unnecessary.

It would be misleading to linger too long upon the purely utilitarian aspect of Iwerne Minster, because it is above all else



FEEDING PHEASANT POULTS.

a pleasure estate. Even the work of agriculture is carried on as a hobby, and not in the pure sense of the word as a business. Of course, this does not mean that the methods employed are not as business-like as they can be made, or that a profit is not sought for; but in our opinion the experiment would lose the greater part of its interest if this were not so. Mr. Ismay will not only have tapped a source of endless interest and amusement if he succeeds in showing that this fine scheme of farming is sound and practical, but he will have benefited all those workers who depend on the land for a livelihood and have not capital enough to put novel ideas into practice. The estate is also excellently adapted in every way for sporting purposes. Its association with hunting is old indeed, since it adjoins the famous Cranbourne Chase, and, in fact, includes a part of it. We went up to see an old lodge which is now tenantless, but which has held many a merry hunting party in the days that are gone. The land is singularly well suited for pheasant-shooting, and rearing was in full swing at the time of our visit. Long rows of coops were out on the grass with foster-mothers imprisoned behind bars, while the little chicks were free to run in the clover. It was amusing to notice the numbers of turtle-doves that were attracted by the food laid down for the

pheasants. The ground is exceptionally well adapted for high pheasants, as it is cleft in two by a deep gorge or valley, on either side of which well-designed coverts have been planted, and the shooting ought to be as fine as any in England. It is a good country for game, and there are plenty of partridges as well as pheasants, while

the playful little rabbits show that there will be plenty of opportunities of making a mixed bag. Thus the solid attractions of Iwerne Minster are not unworthy of their lovely situation in one of the prettiest landscapes imaginable, a landscape, by the bye, that was dear to the heart of Charles Kingsley, who has often described it.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ALWAYS interesting is the "vagrom man," the wanderer, whether he be Odysseus, son of Laertes, travelling over unknown land and sea, an Elizabethan adventurer, a modern explorer like Livingstone and Stanley, or the common gipsy and tramp. But probably the true vagrant knows least about the romance of his character. He takes to the road or the sea most frequently out of sheer restlessness and from inability to settle in the groove of stay-at-home citizenship. We cannot otherwise explain the obstinate realism of Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt in the *Diary of a Soldier of Fortune* (Werner Laurie). In this book he does not glorify by a word the joys of adventure or the consolations it has to offer. The keynote of the book is in the last page, where he tells us that he came home to England a man still young in years (he was only twenty-eight) but in reality "middle-aged, penniless, disappointed, weary, a broken man." The natural inclination is to tell him to cheer up. He has but got through his wander years and may now prepare for the work that Carlyle assigns to "victorious middle-age." No man is broken at twenty-nine; the weary may rest and be refreshed, the disappointed find that the expectations of youth are often best unfulfilled, and to be penniless is only to be forced into activity.

All the same, the record is an extremely interesting account of the darker side of Imperialism. It is only by a stretch of imagination, or an exercise of metaphor, that the author styles himself a soldier of fortune. He saw a little active service during a small insurrection in the Philippines; but his adventures are, broadly speaking, those of a civilian, one who is consistently "agin the government," whatever that government may be. He had spent two years in the office of a firm of engineers when at the age of seventeen he made his first voyage to Australia. He found Australia "entirely devoid of the elements of romance," and proceeds to say that the exciting romances of the past all dealt with bushrangers, and those who are still bushrangers in spirit find a safer and more remunerative field for their energies in politics. Station life did not suit him, and he accordingly travelled back to Sydney, where he eventually became "absolutely broke" and had to cable for money to bring him home. For a little while he and his brothers occupied themselves with trying to get on the market a number of inventions—a camera that they claimed to be the lightest and neatest, a bicycle brake, a steam-engine valve and a paraffin lamp. These youthful projects failed to come to anything, and eventually he and his brother Malcolm signed contracts to go out to Matabeleland for two years. It was the time just after the first Matabele War was over, when financial circles looked forward to reaping a golden harvest out of the new country, and the mine that they were going to, the Geelong, was expected to be the first to produce gold. At the time our author was twenty, but he seems to have carried to the new country a great readiness to dislike it. Port Elizabeth he describes as "one of those towns where there are always flies in your morning coffee," and he quotes with approval a yet more pungent exposition of its beauties by a Yankee: "it's hotter than blazes. It's all Jew boys and flies and plague and niggers; and I wouldn't stay there even if they made me Mayor. No, sir; not even if they threw in the customs' job as well."

The journey north from Port Elizabeth to Palapye was one of those leisurely proceedings which belong to the pioneer period. How slowly the train advanced may be guessed from the fact that near Taungs the engine-driver shot a hare, jumped to the ground and picked it up and regained the footboard without his mate having to slow down. Palapye Stadt, when reached, proved to be a huge slum of round mud huts, where Jewish traders did a business in skins. Water was very scarce, and people talked eloquently of the Lotsani River, but on their marching to it they found it was just a big water-course with pools every few miles. These pools were disgusting. It was just after the rinderpest visitation, and when a bullock was struck with the plague a terrible thirst followed and he naturally betook himself to the nearest water, where he died. One of the most striking features of the old pioneers' road, which they followed as far as Macloutsie, was the occurrence of

abandoned waggons, telling, with silent eloquence, what had become of some of the early pioneers:

Some, but very few, had been looted, as was obvious from the broken cases lying round them; but the majority had their loads still intact, the buck-sails yet over them, looking as though they might have arrived a few hours before and the cattle were away grazing; then a stray gust of wind would raise the corner of the sail, and it would flap in the air, showing the stuff rotting and discoloured beneath it. Then you noticed that the hyenas had eaten the neck straps, and the yokes had rotted where they lay, and the wheels looked as though at the first jolt they would crumble into powder. And here were the black embers of a fire, all the white ashes having been carried away by the summer rains; and a rusted iron pot over some bits of half-burned mopani log, which the white ants had attacked in vain.

Later on they came into a region of lions and appear to have been badly scared. Mr. Hyatt never succeeded in shooting a lion, but he calculated that on five hundred different nights he heard lions roaring outside his tent. Here, too, he had his first experience of a terrible thirst; the sort of thirst that makes a man feel as if he would commit a murder to procure water. The incident occurred about twenty miles south of the Tuli River, and, of course, the young men were raw to South Africa, which made them feel their sufferings all the more acutely.

The story of the Geelong mine is fascinating, although related with the author's usual bitter discontent. Those who ran the first South African gold-mines had no experience to guide them in the furnishing of provisions, and so, what with bad food and the bad arrangement of the working hours, they were in a state of very poor health when the inevitable fever-time came. When it had come the doctor very soon had his hands more than full. At one time, out of a staff of between fifty and sixty men, more than half were incapacitated by fever, and about eight died. Mr. Hyatt's melancholy account of mining is pessimistic in the extreme. He says that mining camps are "little Gehennas of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness." The air is full of suspicion, because if any rumour of the real state of the mine reaches the outside world the inference is generally drawn that somebody has put it in a letter home. Then .

when you have got away from work for a time—you never finish work—there is nowhere to loaf except the canteen and drink, because there is nothing else to do, because there is no apparent reason for self-restraint, and, finally, most important of all, because it is the custom of the country. Once in the early days, for two or three months, the Geelong camp washed itself, shaved, put on clean clothes, and went back to decent ways.

Mr. Hyatt includes Boer and Africander in the same vigorous distrust and dislike. And yet, reading between the lines, we seem to see that his story is exaggerated. He himself admits that the early history of mining in Rhodesia was much more innocent than it was in Australia, California or any other places in the world. It was marked by no great crime, but on the contrary:

Police camps were few and far between; telegraph wires were easy to cut and took a long time to repair, the linesmen usually travelling in leisurely fashion in bullock cart, doing twelve or fifteen miles a day until they came to the break; the coach carrying the gold and mails had no guard, and usually no passengers, just a Dutch driver and a Basuto leader; yet no one ever tried highway robbery.

At the end of his two years' contract he and his brother were advised to make a trip to Bulawayo, which was then the distributing centre for the whole of Matabeleland. It must have been a very happy-go-lucky town in those days:

In 1889 no one in Bulawayo cared whether you paid cash or no. It was bad form to ask a man to settle an account. In the bars you signed a card for your drinks; in the stores you entered it up to you. A stranger got credit as easily as an old inhabitant. What did a few bad debts matter after all? The country was going to boom; in fact the boom had actually begun, some years before, and, though the local officials and companies might seem to be making a mess of things, Rhodes would come by-and-by and put it all right as he had done before.

It will be seen then from this brief account of the book that the author does not take a very cheerful view of the work of colonisation. He does not seem to have possessed the enthusiasm which makes light of difficulties and the wide philosophy that recognises how inevitable it is that in work of this kind much that is worst in human nature should be developed. But, on the other hand, it is right and wholesome

that his view should be set forward, as it will tend to cure any enthusiasm that is not strong and deep seated. The pioneer work of the world has never been done so far by those who are considered its saints; but the results have been just as beneficial as though they had been actuated by the most admirable intentions. The theory is that pioneer work can never have much to do with sentiment. The man who succeeds in it and who does best for his fellow-men as well as for himself is he who is most resolute to carve out of it personal profit and advantage.

TREES.

The Trees of Great Britain and Ireland, by Henry John Elwes, F.R.S., and Augustine Henry.

THERE is in this volume recently issued quite as much to read as in former volumes, and we think even more to admire. The plates seem more uniformly successful, and incidentally many afford a picturesque view, while exhibiting the characteristics of some fine specimen. This is especially the case with the illustrations that have been gleaned from many parts of the world. The Aleppo pine in Syria, the stone pine in Portugal, the Mediterranean cypress near Montpelier, the Monterey cypress in California and the Hinoki cypress in Japan—all of these give a picture more striking than can be photographed from the arboretum. Doubtless the authors, having so efficient a grasp of their work, have set the standard higher as the volumes proceed. They give notice that though they have exceeded their promise by three hundred and forty pages and forty plates, "yet the vast amount of new material which has come to light since the original prospectus was issued in 1906 compels us to add a sixth volume, the materials for which are now ready." Pines, cypresses and oaks form this volume. Forty-eight of the pines are described and eighteen of them are among the plates; fourteen cypresses, most of which are illustrated; sixty-eight oaks, of which sixteen are depicted, and here, in addition, seventy-five sketches of bud and leaf in six plates help to identification of this numerous species. The research into the history of the Mediterranean and the Portuguese cypress shows a satisfying fulness of enquiry. Every page gives many references, which tell how the writers are by no means content with providing their own large share of original observation. Under yellow cedar, the Sitka cypress, we chance upon what seems to be a misprint of an additional "o" to round numbers. As Mr. Elwes highly values this timber and advocates planting it, the correction might be made in the final volume. Not many oaks apparently are possessed of qualities that call for their planting, and none can compare with our native oak for timber. Very useful information as to the success of red oak (*Q. rubra*) on poor sandy soil is reported, and also generally upon the cultivation of American, Mediterranean and Asiatic oaks. After taking a glimpse through this volume we feel that perhaps one of the best functions it will serve is in the avoidance of many experiments already proved to be useless.

A.

A SUCCESS ON THE HIGH SEAS.

Sea-Dogs, by Morley Roberts. (Eveleigh Nash.)

THE inevitable comparison of all new sea stories with the sea stories of Mr. Jacobs is one that Mr. Morley Roberts need not fear. It is a comparison that the reader, before he has gone very far, entirely forgets to make. Mr. Roberts has his own style, his own rendering and his own characters; and for real originality there is room on the most crowded of roads. Little Captain Spink reappears in several of the stories, as lovable and courageous and belligerent as ever, and as full of humour, conscious and unconscious. He is admirably foiled by his two solemn mates, chosen by their skipper because of their ability to lick him—physically, that is to say! Mentally he is more than their match. Captain Spink works "my unfortunate nature" to excellent purpose in "The Philadelphia Girl," and thereby extricates himself from the most deadly of matrimonial perils; but while Mr. Roberts gives this tale the place of honour, we should have been inclined to bestow the palm elsewhere. To our mind "Spink's Ghost" is the best story in the book, and the strange tale of "Billy-be-damned," with its uncanny Ancient Mariner atmosphere of the drifting becalmed ship and the overwrought nerves on board her, comes in a good second. Both are far-fetched. It is highly unlikely that anything quite like the incidents related in either of them ever really happened, or could happen, even at sea, where strange things do happen; but we can only say that we are willing to be

told far more unlikely things so long as it is Mr. Morley Roberts who tells them and so long as he goes on telling them in the same way. The third place of honour is won by the tale called "Top Dog," which relates how an honest, stubborn British captain, driven by sore stress to accept a dirty job, turns that job into a triumph, and brings safely into port, with incredible effort and luck, the heavily insured ship he was to have been paid for sinking. That he incidentally thereby ruins the German Jews who owned her adds not a little zest to the recital, and we should have loved that dogged sea-captain as much as did the bo'sun who tells the tale about him.

A STUDY OF A SINGLE FIGURE.

The Hour and the Woman, by Constance Nicklin. (Methuen.)

THE best piece of work in this book is the study of its heroine, Lama Poulett. The ruthless consistency with which she is shown in all her strange characteristics, to the end deeply unpleasing, yet never wholly repellent, her author never letting go the strength of her pitiless conception, and yet always able to sympathise and understand, is worthy of high praise. Beside Laura Poulett the other characters are shadowy and unconvincing. They interest only as they come in contact with this silent woman and her desperate unswerving hidden purpose—so common and sordid, and yet so tragically natural—of getting herself a husband. Poor, elderly, plain and awkward, with gifts neither of soul nor face, she is a despicable and touching figure. Miss Nicklin is to be congratulated on a rare achievement. She has taken for her heroine a woman unlikeable in almost every particular, and, nevertheless, obliges us to watch her efforts and follow her fortunes with almost painful interest, and to feel a shame-faced compassion and even admiration for her as one by one her hopes fail and her chances pass, and leave her still determined. She might easily have been commonly ridiculous, but her author sees deeper. This heroine is tragic. And we should like to see a book by Miss Nicklin in which she gives the same strength of conception and conviction to all her characters instead of, as in this one, to the one study only. It should be worth reading.

GOOD STORIES.

Young Nick and Old Nick, by S. R. Crockett. (Stanley Paul.)

IN these short stories Mr. Crockett is at his best. The dialect, that is apt to become monotonous in a long novel, here but adds salt and savour to the compact and breezy tale. Pathos and humour touch hands with a real spontaneity, and simplicity never falls into the dulness that is so often mistaken for it. The people of whose humble lives these are records are chiefly Scotch, though here and there a French or English story breaks the chain; but the characters are all strong in delineation, clear and purposeful. Incident abounds, often unusual and arresting; and in each tale the circumstance round which it is written moves well and deftly to a rounded close. This is one of the best books of a certain *genre* of the short story that we have read for a long time.

WHICH IS THE HEIR?

The Laird of Craig Athol, by Frankfort Moore. (Constable.)

MR. MOORE, with his usual skill and his pleasantly serene handling, here brings a number of Scotch people through the tangle of a very pretty plot. If it is made up of the usual ingredients, its method of making, being Frankfort Moore's, makes it worth the unravelling. Not till almost the last page does the reader guess which of the two young men who are guests at Craig Athol is really the long-lost heir—and he is even more skilfully kept unable to decide till the last moment which he *hopes* is the long-lost heir! Finally, after many alarms, false and otherwise, and with the help of a "second-sighted" gillie and a shrewd old Scotch lawyer whose first sight is as sharp as two of anyone else's, the villain is unmasked, and the maiden saved, and the right man brought to his own—though which he is, and how he is brought there, it would be spoiling a good story to tell.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

The Lost Valley and Other Stories, by Algernon Blackwood. (Eveleigh Nash.)
A Corn of Wheat, by E. H. Young. (Heinemann.)
A Winnowing, by Robert Hugh Benson. (Hutchinson.)
Outsiders—and In, by John Ayscough. (Chatto and Windus.)
A Japanese Artist in London, by Yoshio Markino. (Chatto and Windus.)
Princess Helene von Racowitza: an Autobiography. (Constable.)
The Laird of Craig Athol, by Frankfort Moore. (Constable.)

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 15*.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE QUESTION OF SUNDAY GOLF IN PARLIAMENT.

DOUTLESS our consciences get into queer keeping now and again. In respect of their observance of the Sabbath by an abstinence from golf, the members of the Portrush Golf Club appear to be now about to come under the rule of the Urban District Council of that town. This provision was passed as an amendment to the Midland Railway Bill, which was up before Parliament last week. Mr. Illingworth, speaking in place of the Secretary of the Board of Trade, who was absent through illness, said that the amendment raised "a very interesting ethical question which, in his humble judgment, each individual should decide for himself," adding that "the Board of Trade was neither a censor of morals nor of games." Nevertheless, though he concluded by saying that the promoters of the Bill "viewed with the gravest apprehension the suggestion, which might take the form of a precedent, that powers conferred by Parliament should not be fully exercised without the consent of the local authority," the restrictive amendment was carried by a comparatively heavy majority. Yet members of Parliament themselves have been seen before this playing golf on Sunday. But perhaps they will do so no more.

DEFEAT OF THE MITCHELLS ON ASHDOWN FOREST.

It is rather a curious coincidence that the very year which has brought into so much prominence that wonderful golfing cousinhood of the Mitchells of Ashdown Forest—by reason of the great fight made by him who is probably

the strongest player of them all, Mr. Abe Mitchell, in the amateur championship—should be the very first year in the history of the Royal Ashdown Forest Golf Club in which it has gained a victory in the annual match which it plays with the Cantelupe Club, the working-men's club of the place. Needless to say, the Mitchells form the very backbone of the Cantelupe Club's strength. Last week this club suffered its first defeat, but by a single match only, and it is to be noted that there were on the ground, but not taking part in this match, Mr. Horace Hutchinson and Mr. O. C. Bevan, the former having strained his foot and the latter arriving on the scene of battle only after the teams had been made up. So it seems that the victors had a certain strength in reserve, which they did not use. Mr. Abe Mitchell himself was not at his best. He was beaten by some five holes by Mr. Evan Campbell. How was it, by the way, that this excellent match-player did not put in an appearance at the amateur championship? He actually won six holes running in this match and, giving little chance to his opponent of recovering, won with great ease. Mr. Tom Mitchell, who is very nearly the equal of his cousin Abe, won with no less ease in his match against Mr. Brian Butler, the Sussex champion. Most of the other matches were well fought, and it was not till the last came in that the final result was reached. No doubt it is a result which may be taken as evidence of the general improvement in golf which is to be seen in all the clubs of the country, for it is not to be ascribed to any falling off in the play of the losers, but solely to better work on the winners' part.

A KNOTTY POINT UNDER THE RULES.

A curious thing, and one which conceivably might have led to complications, happened at Hoylake in the amateur championship, when Mr. Graham and Mr. Lassen were playing. It was at the seventeenth hole. Mr. Lassen had played his second into the bunker beside the green and Mr. Graham sent his boy on to the hole to take out the flag. Mr. Lassen did not notice the boy going on, all his attention being focussed on the ball in the bunker. He jumped into the bunker and hit at the ball, which came flying out and as nearly as possible struck Mr. Graham's caddie. It did not quite strike him, but if it had, what then? Here is a fine case for the golfing lawyer's forensic argument. At first sight the answer one is disposed to make is, "Oh, of course, lost hole to Mr. Graham, because it struck his caddie"; but then this argument, again, is rather countered by a reference to the rule, by which it is expressly permitted to the opponent to send on and have the flag taken out when the player is approaching the hole. This permission is quite clear, and it also seems clear that Mr. Graham had a perfect right to say to Mr. Lassen, before he played, "Stop. I want my caddie to take out the flag." In that case, had Mr. Lassen played and hit the caddie, Mr. Graham would certainly not have lost the hole if the stroke had been made before the caddie reached the flag, because the hole would have been already lost to Mr. Lassen owing to his breach of the rule, which implicitly orders him to wait for the flag's removal. But, in the actual case considered, Mr. Lassen did not know that a caddie was being sent on, and that seems to clear him of guilt. According to hard-and-fast rules, it seems as if Mr. Graham must lose the hole, because his caddie was hit, and it was really incumbent on him to inform Mr. Lassen that he wished the flag taken out; but nobody cares to interrupt an opponent, when he is on the point of playing his stroke, with an order to stop and wait for the flag's removal. In practice, indeed, we often recall a zealous caddie when we see the opponent preparing to play, because it seems more sportsmanlike to take the chance of his hitting the flag than to risk putting him off by allowing the boy to go forward. The case is a curious one.

THE PROFESSIONAL INTERNATIONAL.

Up till this year it has always been said that one of the reasons that the International matches were so dull was that Scotland invariably won the amateur match and England never failed to win the professional. This year the amateur match has been galvanised into life by England's win at Hoylake, but the result of the professional contest is the same as ever—a thorough-going beating for Scotland. In the foursomes, a "traditional and accepted" form of the game in which the Scotsmen may be expected to shine, the sides finished all square, but in the singles England scored eight points and Scotland but two. There were several interesting points to be noted about the play; Vardon, for instance, gave Braid a really sound drubbing to the tune of four up and three to play, and appears to have clung very steadfastly to an average of fours in the giving of it. Willy Park's reappearance was a pleasant feature, and he only just lost a very excellent match to Rowland Jones by the odd hole. Another veteran in the form of Andrew Kirkaldy, the Scottish captain, suffered a sad reverse and lost by no less than six and five to Robson, who last year, if we remember aright, was alleged by some complicated train of reasoning to be a Scotsman. In the foursomes the two chief things to be noted were that Braid and Herd beat Taylor and Vardon, even as they did in the first instalment of this memorable match over four greens, and that Andrew Kirkaldy and Ben Sayers have at last had to bow the knee in defeat, and lost to Robson and Renouf, though only by two up and one to play.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF GOLF.

These constant and decisive victories of the English professionals over their Scottish brethren cannot but give food for thought. The impious suggestion obtrudes itself that the Saxon has discovered some new and better way of playing the game that he learned from the Celt. A very famous English professional boldly said to us the other day that he thought that the better school of golf was to be found in his country, and that the Scottish style was not the best from the point of view of winning championships and

Internationals. Certainly that which is called the "St. Andrews swing," full of dash and glory though it be, does not appear capable of such horrible, monotonous steadiness as do the more restrained methods of the younger English professionals. With a gutty ball, that required a vast deal of hard hitting, it might perhaps have been a different matter; but the more elastic ball yields to a much less athletic habit of hitting, and to-day these quieter methods seem to make for the greater success. It is a fair retort for the Scotsmen to make that their amateurs have year after year mown down the Englishmen like grass, and the merit of the retort is perhaps not very seriously impaired by this year's narrow win for England at Hoylake. For some reason or other England does not produce, or, at any rate, has not yet produced, really good young amateurs at the same rate at which she has turned out professionals.

THE IRISH CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Mr. Munn is generally held to be considerably the best amateur golfer that has yet come out of Ireland. Therefore, when he reached the final of the Irish close championship with thirty-six holes to play over Dollymount, a course on which he can number the blades of grass, most people on this side of the Channel, at least, probably felt very little doubt over the result. Mr. Munn, however, did not win; he was three up at one time in the morning, but he was but one up at lunch, and when the seventeenth hole was reached in the afternoon he was two down and Mr. Jameson had won the championship. Clearly Mr. Jameson must be a very good golfer, and so we should suppose must Captain Curran, who beat Mr. Cairnes and only just lost to Mr. Munn in the semi-final. That imaginary Irish International side which has been vaguely talked about has got two useful new members. In the professional championship Michael Moran was first and the rest nowhere, and the winner's score was so very good that it is hard to imagine anyone beating it. Certainly the two middle rounds out of the four were quite extraordinary: 70 and 72 over Dollymount will compare with almost anything that anyone has done over a good seaside course. His other two rounds were comparatively ordinary—76 and 78—but the total for the four would take a vast deal of beating.

MR. R. H. PRINGLE.

Mr. R. H. Pringle is one of the most popular of golfers, and one of the kindest of men. This year he is the captain of the Royal St. George's Club, Sandwich, and also captain of the Match Club. He is also a member of the Selection Committee for the International, and in that capacity has displayed his sagacity and judgment in assisting to select a team capable of defeating the Scotchmen. Mr. Pringle is a

well-known member of Ranelagh, and frequently plays for the Ranelagh Club in their team matches. He is a steady and courageous golfer, and particularly deadly in a foursome when partnered by one of the "cracks."

ASCOT.

CAUSES other than the fact that out of respect for the memory of King Edward VII. the garb of mourning was to be universally worn are probably accountable for the falling off in the attendance at Ascot this year. The fact is that one way and another the Ascot Week is a source of great expense, and in view of the uncertain outlook prevailing at present in both political and financial circles, many people accustomed to spend money freely hesitate to incur any expenditure beyond that which is absolutely necessary. To those who were able to afford their usual Ascot Week, the meeting was in many respects a pleasant one; the racing was quite up to the best Ascot traditions, and the fact that fewer people than usual were present rendered it easier to get about and meet one's friends. Thanks to



MR. R. H. PRINGLE.

the care and constant supervision of Mr. H. S. Clements, the course itself was in excellent order, and users of the Grand Stand owe a debt of thanks to Colonel Gordon Carter for the excellent arrangements made for their comfort.

Taking the betting on the Derby as corroborative evidence—100 to 8 Ulster King and 33 to 1 Charles O'Malley—there seemed at the time to be reason for believing the rumour that the former was the better colt of the two; but the easy style in which Charles O'Malley won the Gold Vase and the manner in which Greenback gave 15lb. and a beating to Ulster King in the Prince of Wales's Stakes on the opening day of the Ascot Meeting tended to negative the supposition. Be that as it may, Mr. A. P. Cunliffe's colt (Charles O'Malley) seems to be improving from day to day, and may yet make a fight of it with Lemberg for the French Grand Prix on Sunday next. In St. Nat, by St. Denis out of Nathalie, Mr. S. Joel possesses a colt that may well develop into a horse of more than ordinary merit, for in the Fifty-Third Ascot Biennial he turned imminent defeat into decisive victory in the style of both a game and speedy youngster. His sire, St. Denis, is a beautifully bred horse by St. Simon out of Brooch, by Blue Green out of Ornament (dam of Sceptre and Collar), by Bend Or out of Lily Agnes. There is every reason to believe that he may be a very successful sire, and should such prove to be the case, it will be a stroke of good fortune for Mr. Joel, who retains the horse after



W. A. Roush

BAYARDO.

Copyright.

he had, to all intents and purposes, sold him. The winning of the Ascot Stakes by Declare (100 to 8), his stable companion, Elizabetta, being a firm 5 to 2 order in the betting, met with a chilly reception from the public, and a good many needlessly unkind remarks were made, probably through ignorance of the truth of the matter. It had been intended that Declare should run for the Visitors' Handicap on the following day, and, in fact, Wootton had been engaged to ride him in that race; but the colt

did not leave for Ascot with the Master horses due to run on the Tuesday. Sir R. C. Garton, however, who had all along expressed his wish to run the colt for the Stakes, finally decided to do so, and in accordance with his instructions the colt was sent for and, arriving on Tuesday morning, ran and won. It may be added that Sir R. C. Garton does not bet.

A paddock inspection of the runners for the Royal Hunt Cup on Wednesday showed that Placidus was in anything but racing trim, for the colt was "funking" in a unmistakable fashion, and seemed, moreover, to be anything but well in himself. Eudorus looked clean and well, but struck me as being still capable of improvement, and showed but poorly by comparison with Bachelor's Double, Mr. W. Bailey's colt being a mass of muscle and carrying a rare bloom on his coat. Felix Leach had sent out Demosthenes in capital fettle, and Arranmore looked as hard as nails, though he seemed to me to be a bit lighter in condition than usual. With the exception of Kaffir Chief, all the runners got well away, and beyond that the race needs little comment, for Bachelor's Double had won "everywhere," and eventually



W. A. Roush

LEMBERG.

Copyright.

romped past the judge four lengths clear in advance of Fudorus, Demosthenes running into third place a length behind Mr. W. Clark's colt.

By way of correcting an omission, it must be recorded that there were a lot of good-looking two year olds in the field for the Coventry Stakes on the Tuesday, noticeable among the newcomers being Cellini, a nice class colt by Cyllene out of Sirenia; Romeo, by Flying Fox out of that good brood mare, Glare; and to these we may, perhaps, add Holy Smoke and Phryxus, by Persimmon out of Phroso, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Pietri, though the look of his off-hock suggests the possibility of trouble in store. Castelline, Radiancy and Joie de Vivre we had seen before. Mr. Schiff's good-looking filly was unfortunately "left," and took no part in the race, in which, after a sharp finish, Radiancy got the best of Joie de Vivre by a head, with Cellini beaten into third place by the same short distance. Returning now to Wednesday's racing, the "book," as exemplified by the running in the Oaks, said that Pernelle—in receipt of 14lb.—should certainly beat Winkipop in the Coronation Stakes; but the "book" was wrong, for whereas Mr. W. Astor's filly won easily by three lengths from Thalia, Pernelle figured among the unplaced division. Writing from memory, it is very seldom that a two year old has managed to win the Fern Hill Stakes; but Mr. J. Baring's colt, Mushroom, by Common out of Quick, did so on Wednesday, beating such useful three year olds as Lonawand and Stolen Kiss, the former by three and the latter by five lengths. Lonawand was more than once interfered with by the too pressing attentions of Mr. Renwick's filly, but I doubt if under any circumstances he would have been able to beat the two year old. The winner is a nicely-balanced bay or brown colt, with plenty of strength and good bone, especially below the hocks, and as far as one can see there is no reason why he should not train out into a really good colt next year.

Never, I think, has Bayardo presented such a thoroughly trained appearance as he did on Thursday afternoon as he walked round in the paddock before going out to win the greatest race of his life. And how he won it! Some six and a-half furlongs from home Mr. Fairie's champion was nearer last than first of the

thirteen runners; six furlongs from home he had run through his horses and, with them all beaten and demoralised, strode on until he had won the coveted trophy by four clear lengths from the French horse, Sea Sick II., who, thanks to the energetic riding of O'Neill, contrived to rob Bachelor's Double of second place by a head. The two miles and a-half were covered by Bayardo in 4min. 23 2-5sec., being within one-fifth of a second of the record time for the race, a record, it may be added, which Bayardo could have easily broken had he been in any way pressed. But there it was; none of his opponents could even extend him for a single stride, and, as was written of him long ago in these notes, he stands out by himself as the best of living race-horses. But in the midst of all the well-deserved praise accorded to Bayardo, a good word may well be found for Bachelor's Double, for surely it was a great performance to win the Royal Hunt Cup over a distance of less than a mile on the Wednesday and then to come out and beat all (for he was easily second best) but Bayardo himself in a gallop over two miles and a-half, a distance for which he had received no special training, if indeed he had ever galloped so far in his life. In the St. James's Palace Stakes, Lemberg, half-brother by Cyllene to Bayardo, had an easy task, but he accomplished it in excellent style, and may be depended upon to uphold the honour of the British thorough-bred in the forthcoming race for the Grand Prix de Paris. Served by a useful pull in the matter of weights, Swynford won the valuable Hardwicke Stakes on Friday for Lord Derby, thereby doing his sire, John O' Gaunt, a good turn, of which he is very much in need just now. The bright clear atmosphere was all in favour of a "tubed" horse, and, profiting thereby, Galleot (20 to 1) outpaced and outstayed his eighteen opponents in the Wokingham Stakes, having Mr. Fairie's Lady Vista for runner-up. The bad luck which has so persistently clung to the Beckhampton stable this season took a turn for the better when Willonyx (8 to 1) won the Ascot High-weight Stakes, and if Randall had been caught napping when he let Sea Sick II. deprive Bachelor's Double of second place in the Gold Cup, he was remarkably wide awake when, with Spanish Prince, he short-headed Maher on Americus Girl in the King's Stand Stakes, with the decision of which race the Ascot Meeting came to an end.

TRENTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S EFFECTS, 1680.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I recently had occasion to copy the enclosed inventory of the effects of George Dale, gent., of Barnards Castle, County Durham, in 1680, and I send you a copy, as I think it may interest you as a good specimen of the estate of a country gentleman of that date.—HYNTON B. DALE.

Inventory of the effects of George Dale, gent., of Barnards Castle, taken in 1680 by Thomas Thoresby and Cuthbert Sanderson.

	£	s.	d.
In purse and apparel	30	0	0
In the Hall. 2 wooden chairs and an old red chair, a table and cloth, 4 old worked stools, 4 joint stools, a clock, an old Vyal and a Citheron	2	0	0
In the Parlour. A table, an old table cloth, a cupboard, a dresser cloth, 3 great chairs, 7 little chairs and a glass case	1	10	0
In the Dining Room. A table and a table cloth, 1 Dutch map, 6 pictures, 12 leather chairs	1	10	0
In the Kitchen.			
A jack	6	8	
6 large pewter dishes	1	5	0
6 lesser pewter dishes	10	0	
24 little pewter dishes	1	10	0
2 dozen pewter plates	12	0	
A bacon and ewer	2	6	
5 pair pewter candlesticks	10	0	
2 brass candlesticks	1	0	
1 tin candlestick	1	0	
6 pewter flagons, 3 pewter porringers, 1 pewter mustard pot	11	0	
4 pewter chamber pots	2	0	
3 pye plates	1	0	
1 tin apperoster and 1 tin wash pott	1	0	
2 brass pots, 3 iron pots, 3 pair of pot irons	10	0	
3 brass possets, 12 iron fenders	1	0	
5 pans	2	6	
3 kettles	1	0	
Pestle and mortar	2	0	
5 brass ladles and a skellet	1	6	
1 pair brass tongs and 5 shovels	2	0	
1 brass skimmer, 1 spice box and 1 candle box	1	0	
1 brass warming pan	2	0	
2 pair brass snuffers, 1 pair iron shufflers and tray	1	0	
1 iron toster	1	0	
2 iron pans, 3 smoothing irons sheaths	1	3	
4 pair tongs	1	0	
4 fire shovels	1	6	
6 spits	6	0	
2 dripping pans, 1 frying pan, 1 chopping knife	5	0	
2 wooden chairs	2	0	
2 old stools	1	0	
2 graters and 1 seeing glass	9	0	
1 pewter still	2	0	
Total in Kitchen	£40	19	4
In the Pantry.			
2 dozen trenchers	1	0	
10 wooden milk bowls and 1 cheesestrough	3	6	
1 cheesepress and cawell	1	0	

	£	s.	d.
In the Pantry (continued).			
7 cheesesfatt, 1 skeele, 1 kneading boule, 1 wasboule, 2 sinkers	3	0	
Linen	15	0	0
Bed clothes besides	6	0	0
1 silver tankard, 14 silver spoons, 2 silver sweetmeat spoons, 3 silver trencher salts, another little silver salt, 4 silver wine cups, 2 silver brandy tasters, 1 little silver boule, 1 silver tobako can, one sugar dish. Sum	12	0	0
In the Cellar.			
7 little casks of beer, 3 dozen bottles	6	0	
1 gilefatt, cooler and mashin tubb	5	0	
Books in his closet	5	0	0
In the Chamber over the Dining Room.			
1 bedstead, curtains, vallance, a feather bed, 2 pillows, 1 pair blankets, coverlett, a table, a chair, a little chair and stools	2	0	0
In the Nursery.			
1 bedstead, curtains, vallance, 1 feather bed, boulster, short pillow, 1 pair blankets, covercloth and rugg	2	0	0
1 little pallet bedstead with a feather bed, bolster, short pillow, 1 pair blankets, cover cloth and rugg	1	0	0
1 livery cupboard	5	0	
1 old wooden chest, 1 close stool	5	0	
1 wooden chest, a wooden stand for a trunk	1	0	
In the Chamber over against the Nursery.			
1 bedstead, curtains, vallance, 2 feather beds, boulster, pillow, 1 pair blankets, covercloth and rugg	2	0	0
1 livery cupboard with 2 cushions	10	0	
1 old trunk and stand and an old chest	6	0	
1 desk and coffer	2	0	
In the Stable.			
3 saddles and bridles	5	0	
Malt	20	0	0
Hay	15	0	0
2 horses	6	0	0
1 cow	2	0	0
2 ladders	5	0	
1 cart, harrow and workgear	1	0	0
Lumber in old house called ye sign of ye White Horse	5	0	0
Lumber in another house	1	0	0
Sum total including debts owing him	£222	9	0

[We are not responsible for the accuracy of the totals.—ED.]

ATTACKED BY A BUZZARD HAWK.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

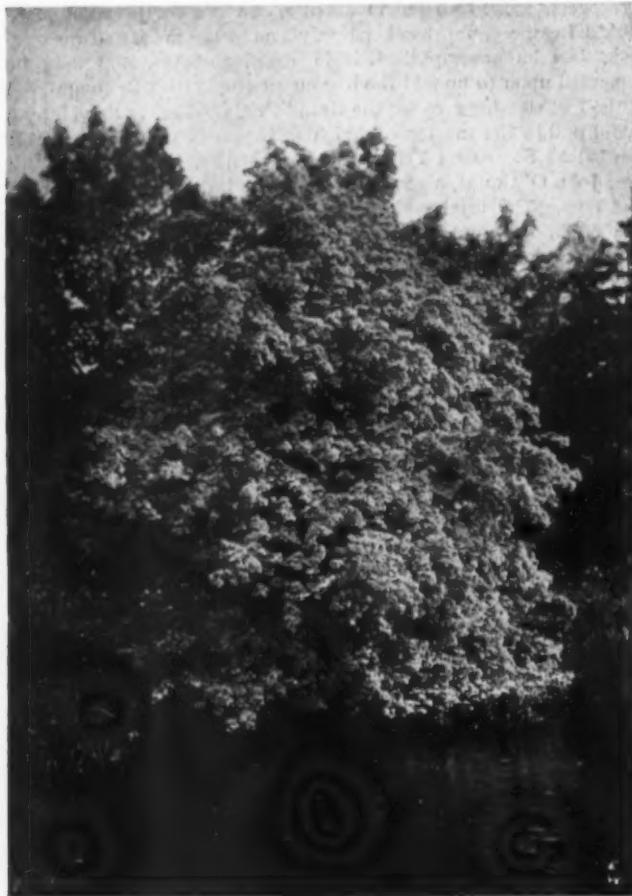
SIR.—The other day, when walking up Troutbeck Park under Ill Bell, I was startled by a loud rushing sound close to my head, and on looking up saw a large buzzard hawk of remarkably dark plumage hovering a few feet above me. I did not realise that the bird was attacking me until it made a second tremendous swoop in my direction, and this was followed by several others, so that I had to take refuge under a tree, when the bird flew away and settled on the hillside. I waited a minute or two and then started off once more, picking up for a weapon an old stake which happened to be lying on the ground. I had not gone far before I heard again the rush of wings through the air. This time I got behind

a wall, and the buzzard attacked me with renewed fury. I wondered how much longer this was going to continue, and whether the bird could be kept off by using the stake; after a time it flew away and I beat a retreat. The first person I met was a quarryman, and he told me that the hawk had attacked him a week before on his way to work, and that other people had recently had the same experience close to the quarry. The bird was known as the Ill Bell buzzard. Presently a farm boy came along; he, too, had encountered the buzzard, but it had not gone near enough for him to catch hold of! It seems that the Ill Bell buzzard is ready to meet all comers. The quarryman was not the kind of man with whom to have a row for choice. Probably this hawk is so savage because its nest has been disturbed by the gentry who systematically plunder all the eggs they can find. Should other buzzards or ravens take to making reprisals, a new attraction will be given to the Lake District. We shall have not only the beauty but also the terrors of the wild.—W. H. M.

BLOSSOMING MAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your photographs of blossoming may in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE have very much interested me. They have been rather a pet hobby of mine in photography. I send you a photograph taken of a may tree in full bloom. It grows near, and hangs over, as you see, the lake at Newburgh Priory, Coxwold, Sir G. Wombwell's seat in the North Riding, Yorkshire. Scarcely a leaf



THE BURDEN OF SUMMER.

was discernible to the eye. The top is a trifle out of focus, but that was rather due to the fact that a gentle breeze was blowing at the time than that I had under-stopped the lens.—CHARLES INMAN.

BISHOPS STORTFORD GOLF COURSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Although it is quite true that the making of the above course took two years as reported in the Press, we think that it is only fair to ourselves to make a short explanation. The course and greens were originally sown with a mixture of grass seeds totally unsuited for the purpose for which it was required, with the result that the whole sowing was a failure. In May, 1909, we were called in to make a report on the course, and our suggestions being accepted by Mr. Tresham Gilhey, all the sown greens were broken up, made and sown in accordance with our system, and the approaches and courses "through the green" were renovated during September, 1909, or just about ten months ago. We make this explanation because, under our system, golf courses can be made on ploughed ground and got to such a high state of perfection in less than twelve months that it is possible to open them to the play and criticism of the golfing world; and in support of this claim we cannot do better than quote Bishops Stortford, which took ten months to mature from seed, Walton Heath nine months, Leeds one hundred and forty-eight days, Mid-Kent ten months, Sandy Lodge six months, etc. With apologies for encroaching on your valuable space,—JAMES CARTER AND CO.

WITH THE JAWBONES OF A WHALE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows an archway at the Villa Olivetta, Lake Como, Italy, the summer residence of Mr. Stanley Mylius. On either side stand the jawbones of a hump-backed whale which was caught during a whaling cruise in the South Pacific, undertaken by

Mr. Mylius in 1895. Each bone measures sixteen feet. The photograph is by Mr. Mylius.—E. F.

THE ANTLERS OF RED DEER.

[TO THE EDITOR]

SIR,—In reading your remarks on the antlers of red deer it struck me that what I am going to say may interest your readers. For many years I held a living in Suffolk, about four miles from Helmingham, and Mr. (afterwards Lord) Tollemache of Helmingham was a very kind neighbour to my family and myself. I was staying with him, I think, in 1862, and he showed me heads of red deer killed in the park which were set up in his hall. He pointed to some very poor ones and others of good size, and told me that the small heads were the best in the park when he succeeded to the property after Lord Dysart's death; that he had brought deer from different parks at different times; and that the herd had been so improved by the fresh blood that the finer heads were the result. He made no mention of any special feeding of the deer during his ownership, nor did I ever notice any extra food given to them. Moreover, the soil of the park, being boulder clay, was not an especially good land for deer. I conclude, therefore, that the better heads were to be attributed to the cessation of "breeding in and in." The question of land affecting the size and shape of animals, which is also raised by your article, though I submit it cannot well apply, under the evidence given, to the Helmingham red deer, yet is unquestionably true. And it will, perhaps, be not uninteresting if I give an example. In 1894 a clergyman was married and took his wife to a living to which he had been presented. Among the wedding presents were two beautiful Jersey heifers. Eight years afterwards the donor looked at two of their descendants and remarked to the manager of a very large farm in the neighbourhood how entirely the type of animal was altered. The answer was that it was the land. All the Jerseys on the estate where the bull was, though brought from other herds, invariably in their descendants took a coarser shape. He added that he had noticed in his practice (he farmed seven thousand acres) that Suffolk horses brought into Berkshire and worked on the land there would in time lose the clean, smooth legs for which that breed is remarkable, and that he had had a Lincoln ram which, after two years on the farm, had lost much of its characteristic long wool and grew fleece more like that of a Down.—C. J. CORNISH.

A SYMBOLICAL WEATHERCOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying is a photograph of a curious old weathercock designed to commemorate Halley's comet. It will be remembered that when Halley predicted the return of the comet he said, "Wherefore, if it should return according to our prediction about the year 1758, impartial posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman." The weathercock, which was set up soon after the return of the comet in 1758-59, shows the British lion holding the comet between its paws. The resemblance between the form of the comet here shown and that depicted on the Bayeux tapestry is noticeable.—H. C.



TO COMMEMORATE HALLEY'S COMET.

